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The Shape of Things

THE RECAPTURE OF KHARKOV REPRESENTS a setback to the Russians which Moscow makes no attempt to minimize. It brings the German armies in the Ukraine back approximately to the line they occupied in the spring of last year, from which they launched their summer offensive. And it postpones indefinitely hopes of a Soviet advance to the Dnieper River, which would have enabled the Russians to regain the riches of the Ukraine. It is probable, however, that the Germans will not be able to extend their counter-offensive at this time. Russian reinforcements are said to be arriving in large numbers in the south, and the spring mud, which checked the momentum of the Russian winter drive, will now, in turn, handicap the enemy. Moreover, the German High Command may find it necessary to switch some of their reserves to the central and northern fronts, where the Red Army continues to make progress. The key centers of Smolensk, Bryansk, and Orel are all threatened, and a new drive has been begun toward Staraya Russa. Russian reports stress the fact that German reserves in large numbers are being transferred from the west, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the second-front question should be raised again. It is probable that the Nazis are gambling on the chance that there will be no invasion of Europe so long as Allied shipping and other resources are tied up in Tunisia, where Rommel's delaying tactics have had a considerable measure of success. On the other hand, the scale of the uprisings in France, which appear to be receiving practical encouragement from Britain, suggests that a cross-Channel attack may be fairly imminent.

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CONFUSED BY PRESSURE FOR THE RUMPL PLAN, the House Ways and Means Committee has thrown overboard the pay-as-you-go plan advocated by the Treasury in favor of a modified collection-at-the-source scheme for wage- and salary-earners. Although there is some merit in the committee's proposal as compared with the present system of delayed tax collection, it falls short of achieving the two main objectives of the Treasury's plan. It does not greatly speed up tax collection; nor does it provide a way for increasing *this year's* revenues so as to head off inflation. Meanwhile, the Republicans appear to be determined to make the Rumpl plan a party issue

despite its obviously dangerous inflationary possibilities. Some of this effect has already been felt. Treasury officials report that because of the uncertainty about the Ruml plan many fewer persons are paying their income tax in full this year than in past years. This means that less money has been withdrawn from the consumer market than had been anticipated, thus increasing the demand for scarce articles. Altogether an atmosphere has been created in which Congress will find it hard to crack down to the extent that is necessary if inflation is to be averted.

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IN THESE DAYS ONE CHALKS UP ONE'S victories—small or large. They are not frequent enough to be ignored. A small victory, but significant for its size, is the decision of the War Department to permit members of the Austrian Battalion—known officially as the 101st Infantry Battalion—to quit if they don't like it there. The background of the decision is as follows. Recruiting for the battalion, as our readers know, was put in the hands of Otto of Hapsburg. But Otto as a recruiting agent wasn't much more convincing than Otto as the future ruler of Central Europe. He signed up his two brothers and about seventeen other young men. To fill the battalion, the army called for volunteers from other units. The response was totally inadequate. Austrians in the American army were satisfied to stay where they were; they didn't choose to serve in Otto's battalion. The War Department shifted to compulsion. Not only men of Austrian birth or descent but Czechs and Yugoslavs and others whose forbears came from the states freed from Hapsburg rule were assigned against their will to the 101st Battalion. But force proved little more successful than Otto's powers of persuasion. So bitter was the resentment among the men in the battalion, so strong the criticism from democrats outside, that the department ordered a strategic retreat. Henceforth enlisted men who object to service in the Austrian Battalion will be permitted to transfer to other ground-force units upon submission of written application to the commanding officer. In other words, the department will return to the volunteer method which had proved a failure. From this as from every retreat, there is a lesson to be learned. In this war alliances with anti-democratic elements don't work. They also have a tendency to explode in one's face. This lesson could advantageously be applied in larger areas of action. Otto should be looked upon as merely a free sample.

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ALTHOUGH THE McKELLAR BILL WAS somewhat modified before receiving committee approval, it remains an outright bid for increased Senatorial patronage and a serious threat to war-time administrative efficiency. Despite exemption of the employees of the FBI and TVA, the President's staff of White House aides, and "technicians and craftsmen," the bill would still require

Senate confirmation of some 25,000 to 30,000 federal employees earning more than \$4,500 a year—employees who are now chosen almost entirely on the basis of merit. It would reduce the Civil Service Commission to the status of a secretarial employment agency, and open the top jobs in every office in Washington to the sinister effects of the spoils system. Existing friction between Congress and the executive branch might be reduced, but only through the unconstitutional method of placing administration directly under the thumb of Congress. Since administrative heads would not even be able to control the appointment of their assistants, discipline would be virtually impossible, and the problem of coordination within administrative agencies might become as difficult as the existing problems of coordination between the various executive branches. Fortunately, some Senators are already discovering that their constituents dislike the bill. We hope that this dislike will be vigorously expressed.

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NONE OF THE VOLUMINOUS OBITUARIES OF J. P. Morgan appear to have mentioned the dramatic coincidence between his fatal illness and the ICC's rejection of the Erie Railroad bond issue. Yet this action, which prevented a very profitable security deal for the firm of Morgan, Stanley and Company, constituted a new and significant blow at the tied-corporation system on which the power of the house of Morgan has been built. The Pecora investigation of private banking in 1933 brought out the fact that Morgan partners held 167 directorships in 89 corporations with total assets of \$20 billion. These included many of the largest concerns in the country—railroads, utilities, and industrial giants such as United States Steel, General Electric, General Motors, Kennecott Copper, and Montgomery, Ward. The actual interest of the Morgan firm in such companies was often relatively small, but it exercised effective control, nominating the management and deciding financial policy. Thus it was able to insure for itself the immense profits arising out of security flotations. In recent years the SEC has challenged this kind of control by insisting on competitive bidding for certain utility issues, and the ICC decision last week means a loosening of the ties between railroads and their "traditional" bankers. Thus the empire which J. Pierpont Morgan built and his son consolidated begins to crack as the third generation inherits it. As a man the late J. P. Morgan was undoubtedly more genial than his buccaneering father. The newspaper eulogists stress his love of children, flowers, country life, pig-breeding, and grouse-shooting. But so far as the record goes there is little indication that he ever developed a social consciousness. Directors of public companies, he once told a United States commission, are in no way responsible for labor conditions in the plants they control.

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT RECORDS AND radio have created far more jobs—even for musicians—than they have destroyed. Yet James C. Petrillo claims that thousands of members of the American Federation of Musicians are unemployed because of "canned" music; and he has demanded, as a condition of his lifting the present ban on recording, that these unemployed members be provided for by means of a fund to be created by payment to the union of a fixed fee for each reproduction of records, transcriptions, mechanical devices, and library service of which the master record was made by members of the American Federation of Musicians. The recording and transcription companies, needless to say, have turned down Mr. Petrillo's proposal. The companies contend, with logic it seems to us, that such an arrangement would put a penalty on technological improvement, duplicate government relief, and probably be found to violate half a dozen laws, including the National Labor Relations Act. The companies maintain, further, that when Petrillo says a large number of his members are unemployed, he can only mean that they are unemployed as musicians, for a great many of them earn their living otherwise; and Petrillo has practically admitted that union membership is open to anyone who *wants* to earn his living as a musician. Thus a man who works in a factory and also plays the cornet can presumably join the A. F. of M. and qualify as one of the unemployed musicians in whose name Petrillo has prevented recording. Petrillo has done a good job in raising the wages and standards of musicians; but when he attempts to enforce his demand by taking a step which affects the public interest as gravely as the ban on recording he is performing a service, not for his members or for "music culture" in the United States, but only for the enemies of labor unions.

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STEPHEN VINCENT BENET DIED ON MARCH 13 at the age of forty-four, and despite his youth his name was probably better known to a large public than that of any other contemporary poet of serious literary pretensions. His long narrative poem "John Brown's Body" is said to have sold a first edition of 70,000 copies, and more recently a moving-picture version of his prose tale "The Devil and Daniel Webster" carried his name to an even wider audience. At the present moment when dozens of young writers of every sort are hopping upon a bandwagon labeled "America, Americans, and Americanism," and when the whole aspiration toward a native literature threatens to degenerate into mere vulgarity, it is worth remembering that when "John Brown's Body" was published in 1928, the expatriate was setting literary fashions and Americanism was a term of derision. At the same time Mr. Benét deliberately resisted another current tendency, and despite his high seriousness made his appeal to the general public over the heads of all the

esoteric cults. Less than a year ago a two-volume selection from his work afforded a convenient opportunity to assess his actual accomplishment. The best of the prose and the best of the verse seem thoroughly sound, vigorous, and enduringly interesting. No doubt it is hardly to be expected that "John Brown's Body," which is some hundred thousand words long, should take its place among the five or six poems of that length which continue to be read, but some of Mr. Benét's lines—for instance, the passage beginning "I have fallen in love with American names"—may very well become a *locus classicus* for certain sentiments, and one or two of his prose stories are quite possibly permanent parts of our legend.

The Eden Mission

MR. EDEN has arrived in Washington at an opportune moment, just as public alarm about our political relations with our allies has crystallized sufficiently to create an atmosphere favorable to building a new understanding. That is shown by the hostile reception of Ambassador Standley's calculated indiscretion, by the deep impression made by Vice-President Wallace's warning of the danger of World War III, by the overwhelming vote in Congress for the Lend-Lease Act shorn of all hampering amendments, and by the approval accorded to the bi-partisan proposal for a Senate resolution indorsing the idea of a United Nations organization placed on a permanent basis.

In the past few months, as hopes of military victory rose, ugly forces have emerged from the shadows and set about the work of sabotaging peace. Proponents of a new American imperialism have been sounding off in many directions. One group has been clamoring for American domination of the air to be secured by using lend-lease to extract bases and concessions from other members of the United Nations now, when their position is still too insecure for them to be able to bargain advantageously. Other proposals have been made for demanding permanent title to the Caribbean bases leased from Britain, for the acquisition of sovereignty over all Pacific islands, and for the creation of an international bank, with 51 per cent of the stock owned by the United States, which would control the strategic raw materials of the world. The crackpot nature of some of these proposals does not disguise the chauvinistic spirit which inspires them, and it is not surprising that they should arouse British imperialists to fierce counter-challenges. If reactionary nationalism of this kind is allowed to get a start, the end of the war must inevitably mean the beginning of new international rivalries.

It is a hopeful sign, however, that the Seventy-eighth Congress, in its first important vote on a foreign issue, decisively rejected both the idea that lend-lease is an economic lever and the notion that it is a charity for

which the recipients ought to be most humbly grateful. And by so doing it rebuked not only the isolationist-imperialists—it is curious how nearly these two schools of thought coincide—but also our Ambassador in Moscow, who had just suggested that Russia might find lend-lease supplies cut off if it didn't say "thank you" in more fervent tones.

Admiral Standley's statement was promptly repudiated by Sumner Welles, and he was later forced to admit that he had exaggerated the lack of Soviet publicity for American help. Following the line of most commentators, we might, therefore, dismiss it as an old salt's attempt to match Stalin's famous bluntness. Unfortunately, there are grounds for suspicion that the Ambassador's indiscretion was inspired by people in Washington who have swallowed the Goebbels line about the "Bolshevik menace." Inside the State Department there are influential officials whose constant care is how to fill the vacuum which the defeat of the Nazis will create in Europe in time to prevent communism from rushing in. Obsessed by fears of revolution, they seek ways and means to bolster the forces which they consider "safe," to clothe with new flesh the skeletons of long-perished "legitimacies." Hence the constant flirtations with the Francos, the Peyroutons, the Hapsburgs.

When Mr. Wallace warned recently of the dangers of "double-crossing Russia," he did not specify the forms this danger might take. But we would hazard a guess that he was thinking of diplomatic maneuverings designed to lay the foundations of a *cordon sanitaire* in Eastern Europe, to organize a group of reactionary powers strong enough to balance the might of Soviet Russia. It ought to be obvious enough that this policy shows an appalling lack of understanding of the problems of Eastern Europe, that there is no economic foundation for such a group of states unless it includes a resurrected Germany, that it would positively invite revolution by perpetuating a condition of decaying feudalism which already smells to high heaven, and that it would fan the smoldering suspicions between Russia and the West into open flames.

We do not believe Mr. Eden has the slightest sympathy with this amateur *Realpolitik*, and his conversations with the President could do much to squelch it. For he represents those forces in the British government which, backed by the overwhelming majority of the British people, look to the building of a system of collective security which Russia could enter on a basis of equality. In his first press conference in Washington he hailed the Anglo-Russian twenty-year treaty of mutual assistance. "It is most desirable," he said, "that we and Soviet Russia should place our relations on an enduring footing of cooperation. That is what the treaty does. Premier Stalin said it was the turning-point in our relations. That is how we view it."

Mr. Eden's discussions in Washington are expected to cover a wide range of subjects. We hope they will not merely allay current misunderstandings between the United States and Britain but pave the way for definite agreement among the United Nations in regard to a common peace policy. The chances of this outcome would, we think, be improved by a definite statement of Congressional policy, and we hope that reports of Presidential discouragement of a debate on the issues involved are unfounded. The resolution which has been drafted by Senators Ball, Burton, Hatch, and Hill could no doubt be profitably amended in details, but it contains the roots of the matter. It advises that the United States take the initiative in proposing an organization of the United Nations with authority to assist in coordinating resources for the prosecution of the war, to establish temporary administrations for countries freed from the Axis and to administer relief, to establish procedures and machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, and to provide for a United Nations military force to be used against any aggressor.

These are modest proposals, but they raise all the fundamental issues which we must face now or tackle under much more unfavorable conditions at the peace table. Of course, the Wheelers and the Nyes would put up a bitter fight, but we believe that a large majority of the Senate would support the resolution and, by so doing, would reflect the sentiment of the public, which is now looking fearfully at the abyss which lies before us. There is no time to be lost in building an international bridge, and it cannot be constructed without the aid of Congress.

The Word and the Deed

TWELVE sailors of the French battleship *Richelieu* probably did not hear last Sunday's speech by General Giraud. If they did, they must have been puzzled, because the General spoke eloquently about those Frenchmen who had never accepted the armistice; he predicted monuments to France's saboteurs and *francs-tireurs* who risked death at the hands of Pétain's police as well as Hitler's; and he denied the slightest validity to the Vichy regime. Here were exactly the ideas which these twelve sailors had entertained right along. That is why they mistrusted their officers, who had forbidden them to tune in on any but Vichy-Nazi radio stations or to read any but the Vichy press and who still consider themselves responsible to the hypocritical old Marshal. That is why they were restive when one of their officers assembled them on deck and told them to stop grumbling about the forced-labor decrees of the Laval regime because "the sending of our workmen to Germany was a very fine thing for France." That is why they were moved to anger when, on the occasion of the American landings in North Africa, another of their officers called President

Roosevelt a guttersnipe and Churchill a clown. It is why they were moved to rebellion when their singing of the "Marseillaise" and their shouts of "Vive l'Amérique!" resulted in the arrest and disappearance of thirty of their number.

Yet here they were on Ellis Island, "twelve undesirable aliens," awaiting hearings on a charge of having entered the country illegally. They had made the mistake of abandoning their "Germanophile" officers to join those Fighting French with whom General Giraud was saying he desired "whole-hearted and effective" union.

Of course Secretary of the Navy Knox is right when he points out that these desertions, twelve or fifteen a day, can no longer be tolerated. "The vessels will be left so understaffed that they will be virtually immobilized." That is good hard sense, the same kind that induced us to "use" Darlan and Peyrouton and Noguès. Obviously the ships can't fight without a crew; therefore, coerce the crew. The only hitch is that impressed seamen under fascist officers wouldn't put up much of a fight either. And doesn't it occur to anyone that it would be more logical to replace Vichy officers with Free Frenchmen than to force Free Frenchmen to serve under officers who are still infatuated with the enemy?

The plight of the Richelieu sailors is a microcosm of the larger tangle in North Africa. It highlights the same discrepancy between the word and the deed. Giraud's speech, repudiating Vichy and its laws and promising reestablishment of the republic, is a notable advance, bringing him almost to the position held from the start by the Fighting French. Yet what confidence can be reposed in any program toward democracy carried out almost exclusively by anti-democrats? How can anyone believe that an anti-Semite like Governor Peyrouton will effectively scotch anti-Semitism in Algiers or that a fascist like General Noguès will hasten the return of the Third Republic? The sacking of General Bergeret, one of the most virulent collaborationists in the North African regime, is all to the good. But Bergeret is one of many.

We welcome the words of Giraud, with their invitation to unity. They should do some good, particularly if they are speedily followed by the elimination of more of the remnants of Vichy. Only such action can be a real token of better things to come. But the General's words can also do harm if they mean what the United Press reports they were taken to mean in some quarters in Washington—to wit, "an effort to bring into active collaboration with the Allies men like Admiral Georges Robert, French High Commissioner at Martinique, and Admiral René-Emile Godfroy, chief of the French fleet units interned at Alexandria." If that is the objective, we would advise the twelve French sailors to stay on Ellis Island, where they can at least see the Statue of Liberty from their windows.

A New Bill of Rights

THE Administration has given the American people a dramatic reply to the question: "What are we fighting for?" We are fighting, according to the long-awaited report of the National Resources Planning Board, for an America in which every citizen shall have "the right to work usefully and creatively . . . the right to fair pay . . . the right to adequate food, clothing, shelter, and medical care . . . the right to security . . . the right to live in a system of free enterprise . . . the right to come and go, to speak or to be silent . . . and the right to rest, recreation, and adventure. . . ."

This new Bill of American Rights might well serve as a statement of the war aims of the United Nations. It epitomizes, as no other statement has done, the contrast between the way of life of free men and the way of life in the dictatorships. It is a natural supplement to the Atlantic Charter, but it is far more specific, far more inspiring to the average man, than that document.

The National Resources Planning Board has given us much more than a general statement of principles. It has given us a concrete program for implementing them in the years after the war. This fact deserves the utmost emphasis in view of the concerted effort that is being made by President Roosevelt's political opponents, inside and outside of Congress, to characterize the program as vague and visionary. The opposition apparently assumes that few voters will take the time to wade through the 640 pages of specific detail in the board's report on "Security, Work, and Relief Policies," or its companion volume, "National Resources Development—Report for 1943," which sets forth a series of concrete proposals for meeting the problems of the transition period from war to peace.

Editorial writers on newspapers which have the facilities for getting the facts if they want them have complained that the National Resources Planning Board's report is less complete than Great Britain's Beveridge plan. Actually, the reverse is true. While the American program for strengthening the social-security system does not present tables showing how the cost will be distributed as does the Beveridge Report, the American plan deals at length with such problems as demobilization, post-war employment, public works, post-war industrial and agricultural rehabilitation. It is an integrated program covering all aspects of post-war adjustment—an area in which Sir William Beveridge is greatly interested but which is not included in his justly celebrated report.

The board's proposals for changes in the Social Security Act are, in general, those that have been urged by experts since the social-security program was first up for discussion in 1935. Specifically, the board recommends that the existing cumbersome federal-state system of un-

employment insurance be replaced by a federal system which would cover seamen, the employees of non-profit corporations, and those of small firms. A separate system is suggested to take care of domestic and agricultural workers. Under these national systems it would be possible to standardize benefits and to extend the period of payments to a minimum of twenty-six weeks. Proposals are also made for offering old-age and survivor's insurance to groups now excluded from such benefits, and for providing at least partial protection against disability. The most significant change in the federal-assistance program is inclusion of the long-advocated suggestion that federal contributions to the states take into account their differing economic and financial capacities, and that the states distribute aid among their subdivisions in accordance with relative need and financial capacity. Such a change is clearly essential if the present wide disparities in the size of old-age pensions and children's allowances are to be ironed out.

To provide jobs for ex-soldiers and war workers who are not assimilated by private industry, the board proposes a broad federal works program based on very different principles from those which governed the WPA. The means test is to be eliminated as a condition for employment. Men are to be selected solely on the basis of their employability and need for work. They are to be subject to the same standards of performance as those governing private industry, and are to work the same hours and receive the same pay as if they were working for a private employer. This change in emphasis—taking public work out of the field of relief and stressing its creative possibility—is long overdue. It is the one constructive answer to the charges of boondoggling that were levied, not without some justice, against many of the work-relief projects of the depression.

Significant also are the board's proposals for meeting the acute problems of adjustment that are bound to face youth in the immediate post-war period. It is suggested that the federal government make it possible for talented young people to continue their education beyond the age of compulsory school attendance by means of grants distributed by the educational authorities. Young people who do not continue their education and are unable to find jobs are to be aided through special youth-training projects, where they will receive a living wage.

Sweeping though this program is, it falls short at three important points of the comprehensive security provided in the British plan. It contains no general provisions for the needs of married women comparable to those put forward by Beveridge; it makes no provision for children's allowances except on a means-test basis; and it offers no comprehensive plan for pooling the uneven costs of medical care. Although these are serious omissions, the need for such special types of protection is probably not as great in this country as it is in Great

Britain. Against these defects can be set the fact that the National Resources Planning Board has presented a program that is thoroughly American in its emphasis on work, constructive enterprise, fair pay, and full freedom. It represents an abrupt break from the defeatist thinking that held us in economic thralldom through the thirties, when it was assumed that we could not afford full employment or full production in this country. The war has shown us the absurdity of this contention. The National Resources Planning Board has given us a plan whereby we may tackle the problems of the peace with the same emphasis on production and jobs that has characterized our war effort. The Planning Board has done its job; the responsibility for action now rests squarely on Congress.

An Old Abuse Is Ended

ONE of the oldest and most vicious abuses of civil rights is the police practice of arresting persons and holding them *incommunicado*, without counsel, until incriminating statements are extorted. Used time and again against labor and political minorities, illegal secret detention and inquisition have been denounced by the Wickersham Commission, by bar associations, and by civic committees; *incommunicado* detention has featured nearly every civil-liberties case of the last two decades. Now the Supreme Court, in two decisions by Justice Frankfurter, has read police and prosecutors a badly needed lesson on lawless enforcement of the law.

The first case was that of eight copper workers arising out of a strike in 1939-40 of the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers against the Tennessee Copper Company's mines at Copperhill, Tennessee. After the company forced open the mines by bringing in a number of special deputies in the company's pay, several of the company's power lines were dynamited under somewhat obscure circumstances. Two FBI agents arrived on the scene to investigate. The local sheriff then took a number of the strikers into custody, without warrant, and locked them into the company-owned Y. M. C. A. building in Copperhill, which was being used by the sheriff and his deputies as their headquarters. Six more FBI agents arrived to assist in the investigation.

The strikers were not arraigned, as is required by Tennessee and federal law; instead, in the copper company's rooms, there began a grilling which lasted almost a week until the men gave statements—repudiated later in freedom—which satisfied their inquisitors. "Unaided by relatives, friends, or counsel," says the opinion, "the men were unlawfully held, some for days, and subjected to long questioning in the hostile atmosphere of a small company-dominated mining town. . . . There was a working arrangement between the federal officers and the

sheriff of Polk County which made possible the abuses revealed by this record." The Supreme Court heard the case because it presented "serious questions in the administration of federal criminal justice," and set aside the conviction obtained in the lower court.

The case of three Tennessee moonshiners was argued and decided at the same time as the labor case and involved the same kinds of federal lawlessness. The Tennessee mountaineers had been taken into secret custody after a federal agent had been shot by an unidentified assailant in the course of a night raid on a liquor cache near a cemetery. Instead of arraigning their prisoners, as the law directs, the federal agents held them for fourteen hours in a detention room and then in other isolated quarters, and held them incomunicado, hidden away from relatives and friends and deprived of the legal aid to which they were entitled. The period of clandestine confinement and questioning at the hands of the six federal agents lasted from three o'clock Thursday morning until two o'clock Saturday morning; on the basis

of admissions thus wrung from the suspects—none of whom had had more than four years of elementary schooling or had ever left the mountain settlement—they were convicted of second-degree murder. The Supreme Court declared that the detention procedure revealed "a plain disregard of the duty enjoined by Congress upon federal law officers . . . a flagrant disregard of the procedure which Congress has commanded. . . ."

The words of Justice Frankfurter will be cited in the never-ending struggle to control what he called "the overzealous as well as the despotic" in their use of "the awful instruments of the criminal law." Emphasizing the vital statutory safeguard against secret detention and inquisition, he said that it "checks resort to those reprehensible practices known as the 'third degree' which, though universally rejected as indefensible, still find their way into use. . . . It reflects not a sentimental but a sturdy view of law enforcement. It outlaws easy but self-defeating ways in which brutality is substituted for brains as an instrument of crime detection."

Battle Lines in Tunisia

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE showdown campaign for North Africa has not yet been fought, but all signs indicate that it does not lie far ahead. Progress in the African war has not always been correctly assessed. The loss of all Libya to the Eighth Army was not in itself a serious matter for Hitler. It relieved the British of a threat to their position in the Middle East, but it did not spell defeat for the Germans. The American occupation of Algeria and Morocco aroused hopes of an instant annihilation of Rommel, but the failure to reach Tunisia ahead of Axis troops, together with weather difficulties and not too brilliant generalship, afforded von Arnim time to dig in and develop strong natural defenses.

Today, as four months ago, the total strategic situation favors the United Nations. Surrounded by the British Eighth Army on the south and by French, British, and American forces on the west, the Germans in eastern Tunisia are in a dangerous position. Inferior on sea, in the air, and on land, they would seem to be marked for destruction. Nevertheless, all the advantages are not with the United Nations. A large share of the troops which give the Allies a two-to-one superiority on land are on garrison duty in Morocco and Algeria. The British Eighth Army, the best striking force available, is still dependent on supplies shipped around Africa and has yet to clear the Mareth Line. Rommel, on the contrary, is now operating upon extremely short lines of com-

munication and supply. His troops are more mobile, more experienced in battle, and better led.

The recent fighting in Tunisia was important in that it demonstrated the strength of the chain of armed men and fortified points with which the Allies have ringed von Arnim and Rommel and afforded the first trial of American troops under battle conditions. In his attempt to break the chain surrounding him Rommel wisely chose the weakest link, the American section. After their attempt to cut the Tunisian corridor and to separate Rommel from von Arnim had failed in January, the United States troops were left in a poor position. They were spread out very thinly over a long segment of line and had insufficient reserves. When French troops were withdrawn from the central front to be reequipped and Americans moved into the vacant sector, this problem was aggravated. Before the weak natural defenses could be strengthened or reserves brought up, Rommel struck with superior force in a two-pronged armored thrust at the center and the southern end of the American position. Both columns made rapid gains, and the Americans, threatened with envelopment, retreated, suffering heavy casualties but also taking toll of the German armored units. The air forces of both sides were active, but the Germans did the better job of coordinating their air and ground movements. They were also far superior in tactics, and they repeatedly and disastrously fooled their

opponents with tricks learned in years of fighting. By February 20 the United States forces had abandoned important airfields, two lines of natural defenses, and about half of the Tunisian area formerly in Allied hands.

But despite their inexperience in battle the Americans fought well and learned very quickly. The heavy losses they managed even in retreat to inflict upon the attackers and their constant aerial bombing of German supply lines gradually reduced Rommel's effectiveness. In the critical fighting between February 21 and 24, when the Germans attempted to drive a wedge between the British and American forces and encircle the latter, the resistance of American troops aided by British tank reinforcements first stopped Rommel, then smashed much of his armor by well-directed artillery fire, and at last drove him back in a sharp defeat. The German withdrawal threatened to become a rout when superior Allied air power, joining the struggle at exactly the correct moment, attacked the retreating columns.

This victory over well-led, experienced troops, after ten days of galling retreat, was a first-class achievement for the Americans. The subsequent German offensives, in the north against the British First Army and later against the Eighth Army south of the Mareth Line, were not moves in which success could reasonably be hoped for. They were probably undertaken more to keep the

British off balance and delay the opening of a lethal attack than with the expectation of breaking through the Allied lines. Apparently the trap is strong enough, though barely so, to hold its quarry.

From another standpoint Rommel's recent skirmishes paid the Axis well, for they consumed a substantial amount of time that the United Nations can ill afford to lose. With Alexander still mainly relying upon supply lines running around Africa, and with the Americans obliged to keep an entire army in Morocco and Algeria to guard against a surprise attack from Spanish territory, the United Nations are using many times the human and material resources employed by Hitler. As long as Hitler controls Tunisia, he ties up enough American and British man-power and shipping to provide excellent insurance against the opening of a "second front" in a more vital area.

The question when the trap will be sprung may well be answered before this article appears in print. With over-all superiority and firmer footing for his mechanized units, Eisenhower would be unwise indeed if he did not attack at the earliest moment after sufficient base supplies have been accumulated behind the British Eighth Army. Since the Germans have been given ample time to consolidate naturally strong positions, we must expect heavy casualties.

KILLED IN ACTION 1942



 U. S. S. R.		750,000 TO 900,000
 GERMANY		500,000 TO 750,000
 JAPAN		140,000 TO 200,000
 CHINA		MORE THAN 100,000
 RUMANIA		ABOUT 50,000
 ITALY		30,000 TO 40,000
 BRITISH EMPIRE		30,000
 U. S. A.		15,000

AS COMPILED BY THE METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

GRAPHIC BY PICK-S

In view of the significance of Tunisia in the defense of the European fortress, Hitler may be expected to give Rommel all the support he can afford and to try to maintain at least his nuisance value. There are two possible methods of doing this. The first, direct reinforcement by air and sea, has been employed on a large-enough scale to enable von Arnim to more than hold his own in brushes with the British First Army. But it has been extremely costly, for British submarines have taken a large toll of Axis shipping, short as are the convoy routes.

The other possibility, a blow against Gibraltar through Spain and an attempt to close the Mediterranean, represents a danger so serious that a large part of the American troops in Africa have remained in French Morocco to guard against it. For several years Spanish Morocco has contained an army estimated at 100,000 men. And in the appeasement era the Axis placed heavy-caliber guns directly opposite Gibraltar on the African shore. At least temporarily these could close the Straits. Were Franco's cordial cooperation in a German attack assured, the United States could quickly be placed completely on the defensive. Since, however, the war is global, with events on each front affecting occurrences elsewhere, an attack through Spain looks like doubtful strategy. For the moment Hitler must throw most of his forces against

Russia, and it is at least questionable whether he has available for a new theater of operations the troops and especially the air power such an effort would require.

The original strategy of the African campaign, the planning and transportation, the coordination of forces, and the political fifth-column activities were handled with unusual brilliance. But the follow-up has taken too long and disappointed practically everyone. Making the original landings farther east in order to include Tunisia would have entailed extreme risks, but the results might have justified them. It was to be expected that our fighters, new to desert warfare, would make mistakes. Criticism should come only if they continue the same blunders. But the delay in the west while Rommel was being chased halfway across Africa affords no ground for satisfaction. Finally, it has been all too evident that no adequate plans were made either by the army or the State Department for dealing with the myriad problems which followed occupation. Economic and political problems of the kind we have fumbled in Africa are part of modern war, and they will arise in greatly increased complexity when we invade continental Europe. Before that day we must correct the weaknesses revealed by the African campaign if we are to achieve success without paying far too great a price.

Planning and Politics

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 15

THE so-called American "Beveridge plan" submitted to Congress by the President has been lying around the White House for some time. It is in two parts. One deals with security, work, and relief policies; the other with post-war planning. The first, a tome of 640 pages, was actually delivered to the President three days before Pearl Harbor. The second, a literary quickie of but 50,000 words, was sent to the White House a year later, on December 16, 1942. Thus one had been on his desk for fifteen months and the other for three when the President finally passed them on to Congress.

Mr. Roosevelt is a master of publicity, and it is interesting to speculate on his timing. The moment chosen by the President for the submission of this plan served to distract the press and Congress from Admiral Standley's quaint attempt to better our Russian relations by kicking the Soviets in the teeth. In longer perspective, as has been widely enough noted, the release of this post-war security program in the wake of the President's first coy trial balloons opens the 1944 campaign. The report

may also serve several functions in Mr. Roosevelt's strategy for dealing with an unusually cantankerous Congress. The President is said to hope that Congress will overplay its hand, and this report may goad his opposition to greater follies. The report effectively contrasts the President's large and historic aims with the picayune and querulous fault-finding and scandal-mongering that is the principal characteristic of the bi-partisan anti-Roosevelt bloc in Congress. Mr. Roosevelt has set the stage for a campaign far more momentous than his two past triumphs—the original fight to enact the New Deal and the struggle to force its acceptance by the Supreme Court.

Some of the right-wing papers, with a kind of senile glee, assume that the President's plan is already buried. They draw comfort from the fact that it has no chance of being enacted at this session of Congress. They believe it will be safely interred by the coalition of conservative Democrats and standard-model Republicans which dominates the new special Senate Committee on Post-War Plans set up under the chairmanship of Senator George. They are entitled to the pleasures of self-

deception. Roosevelt's strategy, in fact, depends on opposition. The George committee is made to order for his purposes. Mr. Roosevelt wants to be able to go before the country—and the armed forces, which will vote by mail—in 1944 and say, "I offer jobs and security. My opponents offer joblessness and insecurity." This is not a program which can be beaten by calculations as to budgetary cost or appeals to the virtue of private enterprise, Hoover fashion. American politics will revolve around this program for a good many years to come, and it can be defeated only by a new type of demagoguery in which fascist-style politicians will seek at one and the same time to outbid the President and to confuse the issues by appeals to the crasser forms of prejudice. Just as fascism in the Reich had to pander to the fundamental socialistic outlook of the German people, so in this country it must hide not only behind appeals to American feeling for liberty but also behind promises to satisfy a newer and equally deep, if not deeper, desire for security.

It is an indication of the President's stature and genuine vision that he has gone beyond the necessities of social politics in submitting this program. It would have been enough, politically, to promise cradle-to-the-grave security, along the lines of the Beveridge plan in England. To have stopped at that point would have been in accord with one of the basic tendencies of the New Deal. This is the tendency to solve our economic problems by cutting down real wealth and increasing real costs. Wealth is plowed under to provide the scarcity necessary for the profitable operations of the privileged, property-owning classes, business and agrarian, while costs are raised to provide doles to placate the underprivileged. The New Deal has never had the courage in the past to put idle men at idle machines to produce the means to feed and clothe themselves. This larger economic sanity has been beyond the realm of the political possibilities within which it had to operate as a middle-class reform movement. But a grandiose dole will not solve our problems, despite the naive theory—which runs back from Keynes to Sismondi—that our economic society is a kind of gigantic poker game which can be kept going by periodically redistributing the chips of "purchasing power." Nor is "Beveridge planning" a worthy goal for our youth, which must strive to release the great creative possibilities which still lie stifled, for all our past achievement, in the American land and people.

It is at this point that one notes the striking difference between the first and the second report sent to Congress by the President. The bulky report on Security, Work, and Relief Policies takes only faint and tentative steps toward the broader horizons of the Post-War Plan and Program. The germ of the second report is in the call of the first for "increasing emphasis upon policies aiming at the prevention of economic insecurity through a fuller utilization of our productive resources, including

labor. . . ." But in the main the first report is only a comprehensive social worker's approach to our economy, deriving from the grimly realistic but defeatist and socially bankrupt premise with which its findings open. "The American people," the report begins its final summation, "should base public-aid policy upon the acceptance of the following facts: (1) The need for public aid will be both large and persistent for some time to come. . . ." Though I have not read the entire 450,000 words of this report, I do not think it does more than touch timidly on the basic principle that we can preserve neither our natural nor our human resources merely by letting the idle rake the leaves away from the unsightly edges of the profit system.

What is little more than implicit in the earlier report achieves explicit statement and bold development in the second, which bears the marks of its war-time origin. "Our peace aims," says an opening statement which finds only a perverted reflection in the conduct of our diplomacy, "are war weapons which in the end may determine the outcome of the military struggle in which we are now engaged." Freedom from Want has hitherto had an ambiguous exegesis, reflecting Cordell Hull's anachronistic Manchester liberalism; it was originally translated by the President into "economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants." Here Freedom from Want is expanded into a new Bill of Rights, all of which may be derived from the first, the "right to work, *usefully and creatively* through the productive years." The italics are mine, but the emphasis pervades the entire report.

The report on Post-War Plan and Program has a two-fold purpose. It aims first to outline a program for the orderly transition from a war-time to a peace-time economy, and secondly to sketch the broad outlines of a plan for development of an expanding economy through the cooperation of government and private enterprise. Both purposes are likely to arouse opposition from the larger private units in our economy. So far as the program for economic demobilization is concerned, it provides, among other things, for aid to smaller business units, for free access by business "to the use of both old and new materials and processes unhampered by misuse of the patent system," and for vigorous enforcement of labor legislation in a period when standards will be endangered by the laying off of many workers. Measures of this kind are unlikely to be popular with those who stand to gain the most from a disorderly demobilization and deflation in which financially weaker businesses may be gobbled up, new monopolies established, and the bargaining position of labor weakened.

In dealing with the second purpose of this report, to achieve an expanding national economy, we enter for the first time into the realm of genuine social security, into the field of measures designed to effect the security of

our society as against makeshift measures to protect the security of individuals. What is envisaged in the report is not socialism but that kind of mixed state in which alone capitalism can hope to remain progressive. The report looks toward work programs that would increase the nation's wealth by developing its resources of soil, water-power, and transportation; toward the kind of governmental interference that would clear obstacles to genuine private enterprise in business; toward government partnership in certain basic fields; and toward government intervention to maintain useful productive employment where these other measures fail to maintain it. It is impossible here to dwell in detail on the National Resources Planning Board's specific suggestions, but they represent a rich, diversified, and flexible program, free from dogmatism or arid theory.

From the standpoint of business as a whole, it would be far better to accept a measure of social planning and governmental partnership in the maintenance of employment than to bear the heavy tax costs involved in a high level of joblessness. But business is deeply anarchic in its instincts, and the bigger businesses have usually preferred either a dog-eat-dog policy or an unprogressive freezing of the economic status quo. The danger in this program, as in all planning under capitalism, is that it may become a means whereby the monopolies and the combines use the political power and financial resources of the state to solidify their own power. The most obvious example of this danger is in the board's proposal for a National Transportation Agency which would regulate all means of transportation and have access to public funds for improvements. The railroads, which have learned from the ICC how easy it is to control a public regulatory body for their own purposes, would like such a setup as a means of curbing competition from truck and plane and as a way to tap the Treasury. As the largest aggregation of capital in the field, the railroads would ultimately dominate the agency, as they do the ICC.

There are similar dangers in the proposal for mixed corporations in fields like aluminum and synthetic rubber, where government "could participate in the selection of . . . business units which are to continue to operate in these industries." But the situation could hardly be worse in these fields than it is today. Posterity may look back and see the Roosevelt plan as a mirage, but if it does, the fault will also be ours. Our task is not to ponder the spectacle from mountain tops but to do our duty by the future by fighting to achieve as decent a society as we can. Laissez faire capitalism is dying, and it is up to this generation to see whether the new controls will be democratic or monopolistic. Given the deep desire of the people for security and freedom, the outcome is not a foregone conclusion. The President has launched out on the greatest battle of our time.

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

ON THE second of last month an afternoon performance of "Ghosts" was given in the Athenaeum Hall [London], with Miss Hall Caine as Regina. The play, notwithstanding the unflinching realism of its handling of a repellent theme, was received with marked favor by a house filled to overflowing.—*March 2, 1893.*

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S inaugural address was brief and directly to the point on all the subjects to which he addressed himself. . . . The tariff is to be reformed in the interest of the masses of the people, and the trusts and combines are to be curbed in so far as the federal power can reach them.—*March 9, 1893.*

CAPTAIN MAHAN is . . . perhaps the most distinguished writer on naval warfare in existence. . . . When he points out the value which Hawaii would have to us as a coaling station, in case we were a great naval power at war with another great naval power in the Pacific Ocean, and the annoyance which our possession of it would be . . . to our rival or enemy, he speaks as a master. But his whole argument . . . is based on the assumption that we are on the way to have a navy as large and powerful as the navies of France and England put together. . . . What effect this policy of general annexation . . . would have on our domestic institutions, Captain Mahan does not consider at all.—*March 9, 1893.*

WHATEVER may be said of the attempts of the English parties to outbid each other for the labor vote, it cannot be denied that the new Department of Labor, organized by Mr. Mundella, the president of the Board of Trade, promises to yield valuable results to the student and the statistician, whether it pleases the workingmen or not.—*March 9, 1893.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Hudson, W. H., "Idle Days in Patagonia." . . . Pater, Walter, "Plato and Platonism." . . . Symonds, J. A., "In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays."—*March 2, 1893.* . . . Alger, Horatio, Jr., "Facing the World; or, The Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane." . . . Weissmann, Professor August, "The Germ-Plasm: A Theory of Heredity." . . . Charles L. Webster & Co. have nearly ready a new volume of short stories by Mark Twain.—*March 16, 1893.*

A LADY who is an experienced teacher and holder of an advanced degree wishes for a mathematical professorship where her rank and salary will be based upon ability instead of sex. (Advt.)—*March 23, 1893.*

THE WORD Panama now suggests so universally a huge scandal that its association with an actual canal across an actual isthmus seems only a figure of speech. . . . If it results in a complete fiasco, there is an end for a long time of French prestige in America.—*March 30, 1893.*

The Return of Eduard Benes

BY BLAIR BOLLES

Washington, March 9

THE four men who profited from the indecent Munich decision thrive no more. Chamberlain, dead, was discredited while he yet lived. Bonnet has slid down the Vichy drainpipe. Hitler hides, and the Duce shakes in the shadow of coming destruction. The man who survives is the man whom Munich seemed to ruin. "Silent, mournful, abandoned, broken," Eduard Benes, the Czecho-Slovak President, went into exile after the four had laid his country on the altar of Wotan. Now he is gloriously ascendant. As before Munich, he is the Czecho-Slovak President. Shining in adversity, a statesman in 1943 as he was in the thirties and the twenties, Benes today walks in the van of the wise sculptors of the world to be. As always for him, the goal is certain, and as always the road is hard.

Many of the pitfalls that have made his path hazardous since Munich were dug by the United States. The news from London is that Benes intends to visit this country shortly. If he comes, he will speed the reluctant State Department toward a difficult decision: Shall we plan for a world security after the war that is based on complete cooperation with the Soviet Union and Great Britain? Benes's foreign policy is hinged on Russia. The United States dilly-dallies about the place of Russia in America's post-war foreign policy. Should we trust Moscow? Should we fear Moscow and cling to the Hapsburgs? Stroking their chins, the foreign-policy makers in Washington debate the pros and cons. Those who lean toward fear and hate of Russia fear and hate Benes. The respect accorded the obstinate democrat from Bohemia has become a barometer of our attitude toward the Soviet Union.

Benes resigned the presidency of Czecho-Slovakia on October 5, 1938. The British rather early forgave him for the wrong they did him, but the United States, though it was not represented at Munich, has never quite ceased to treat him as an important debtor treats a small creditor. How many are Benes's sins! In a day when the United States thought appeasement was sound policy, he insisted that Germany was not to be lulled by bribes. In a day when the prop of appeasement was fear of Russia, he clung to Russia. And worse, in a day when appeasement of Germany has been proved a mistaken policy and when our friends the British hold that it is not merely incorrect but dangerous to fear Russia, it is remembered here against Benes that he was right when we were wrong.

Benes came to the United States some months after he left Czecho-Slovakia, and spent the spring of 1939 lecturing at Chicago University. He was deeply pained but not astonished by the Nazis' seizure of his country in March after they had accepted the Munich bribe in October. He saw the Crime of March as the sure forerunner of war, and in the summer of 1939 he went back to Europe. Before he left he made it known that he wanted to see President Roosevelt. He could not be received at the White House. After all, he was but an ex-President. He was given an audience at Hyde Park instead, and no announcement was made of it.

Neither the French, at their worst, nor the British have shown our genius for mistreating those who are essentially their friends. The French government in the summer of 1939 permitted the Czechs to establish a National Committee in Paris which could serve as a pseudo-governmental rallying-point for Czechs who desired to keep alive the idea of Czecho-Slovakia and who hoped that their country would be won back, in time, by them as well as for them. Benes himself found London more congenial than Paris, because Bonnet was not done with appeasement while Chamberlain and Halifax were beginning to realize that it did not pay. Other exiled Czechs, however, carried on for Benes in Paris.

An account of Benes's activities from that distant last summer of peace until now throws light on the events and emotions, policies and doubts, of men and nations over the past four years.

The French in September, 1939, began to show signs of regretting their stupidity of September, 1938, and on October 2 the Daladier government reached a formal agreement with the National Committee. The next month both the British and French governments recognized the committee, which was attending to the serious military business of organizing a Czech army on French soil to fight against the Nazis, who, though bought off at Munich, had refused to stay bought.

Benes thought it safer to remain in London because he suspected that the French, still under the dark spell of Bonnet, would seek a peace with Germany if it were offered. But he visited France in May, 1940, and quickly returned to London with the conviction that France would not play a leading role in the war. He was prepared for the armistice in June, and the National Committee evacuated the Czech army from France to England.

London now became the seat of the National Committee, and a smoother course lay ahead for Benes, the chairman. The French had made his position difficult by permitting Milan Hodza, former Czech Prime Minister, to set up a rival "National Council" in Paris. The British pursued a more honest policy. Churchill had replaced Chamberlain, and Churchill had publicly denounced the sacrifice at Munich of Benes's country. His government recognized the National Committee as the Czecho-Slovak provisional government.

Benes felt himself and his aims safe in England, but he continued to speak well of Russia at a time when the Soviets, by the pact of 1939, were tied to Germany. He regarded the August agreement as a piece of cynical diplomacy which Russia meant in time to reject. In the winter of 1940 the Czech military attaché in Rumania told him, and Benes told the British Foreign Office, that the Russians were sabotaging their agreement with Hitler by inventing transportation difficulties that delayed the delivery to Germany of oil from Rumania and food from Russia.

Doubt of Benes's acumen concerning the Soviet government disappeared in London when the Nazis invaded Russia. Less than a month afterward, on July 18, 1941, the British gave full recognition to the provisional government. Benes's strength by that time was undeniable. Hodza, his sole strong adversary, had had little influence since the evacuation of the Czechs from France. So the United States recognized Benes's government provisionally on July 31. But though this seemed an act of encouragement, Washington diplomats actually embarked at about the same time on a policy of discouraging and embarrassing Benes.

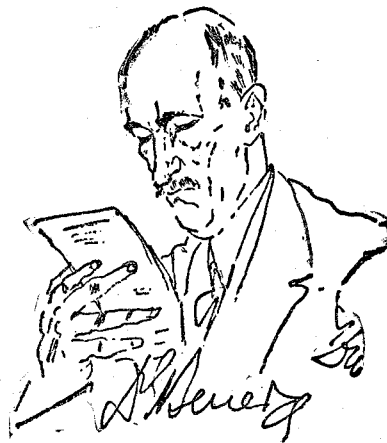
From the summer of 1941 on, individuals in the Administration have been Janus-faced toward Russia and Janus-faced toward Czecho-Slovakia. Those who feared the Soviets feared the Soviets' friend, and fearing that friend, they cast glances in the direction of his enemies. The first of these was Hodza.

Milan Hodza, a Slovakian Protestant, was a leading political figure in Czecho-Slovakia from 1918 to 1938. Through those years he opposed the Slovakian autonomous movement. Since the fall of Czecho-Slovakia, however, he has put behind him the old policies and become a friend of autonomy, which he prefers to call "self-existence." Thus he has placed himself at the opposite pole from Benes, who wants a strong and cohesive Czecho-Slovak state and who believes further that as long as his country is occupied by the Nazis, discussion of its internal political problems is dangerously beside the point.

Hodza reached the United States from England in November, 1941. Adolf Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, arranged to have him received warmly at the State Department, some of whose officers drank in his

reports on the Central European political situation. Benes, Hodza said, was splitting the Slovaks of the world. Hodza was in the United States to unite the Slovaks—by splitting them from the Czechs. Whatever he may have heard at the State Department, he felt encouraged to begin a series of lectures in the United States by which he sought to undermine Benes and his recognized government.

While Hodza was planning his American campaign, the Russophobes in the State Department and the Office of Strategic Services took to their bosom another enemy of the democratic cause—the Hungarian Tibor Eckhardt. Under Eckhardt's leadership the American Hungarian Federation issued a pamphlet denouncing Benes and his friends as disturbers of the peace of Europe and the security of the world. Jan Masaryk, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, was in the



Drawing by B. F. Dolbin
Eduard Benes

United States at the time, and Eckhardt pleaded with some success in Berle's chambers that the pamphlet had been provoked by Masaryk's actions. Mr. Berle made no distinction between the position of the Foreign Minister of a government which we had provisionally recognized and the unofficial apologist for a government with which we had broken.

Public opinion in the United States, however, was against Hodza and Eckhardt, and Mr. Berle had to cast the two men adrift. They are both charming gentlemen, but it was not their manners that won them the Berle smile. They carried with them little plans for a European federation of a sort that would shield the Western world from the Soviets. The isolation of Russia, it is recognized, depends upon the destruction of Czecho-Slovakia. And the destruction of Czecho-Slovakia depends upon the erasure of Benes, the firmest proponent of a restored Czecho-Slovak state.

That Benes is able like a phoenix to rise from the ashes of his power was recognized by the British after Munich, but it is only slowly being understood in Washington. The United States government last October gave full recognition to the Benes regime. But this step was taken without publicity, and a month later Benes's hopes were shaken once more by the Stimson letter to Otto Hapsburg. Hapsburg himself told me that Eckhardt was his collaborator, and insisted that he had a "majesterial" responsibility for the Czechs and Slovaks in the

United States. Hapsburg the federationist is one with Hodza and Eckhardt in contemplating federation as a wall against the Soviet Union. He is, in other words, an enemy of Russia, an enemy of Czecho-Slovakia, and an enemy of realism.

Such has been the strange course of the United States toward a friend of our country and a friend of our type of democracy. The Czechs learned their fundamental political lessons in the United States. Benes in Czecho-Slovakia, as Foreign Minister and President, guarded the country carefully from bolshevism. Liberal Social Democracy was his guide. Benes could help to dispel the fear of communism in American breasts in no more effective way than by reminding us of his own experience, which proved that an anti-Communist state can pursue a foreign policy based primarily on friendship with Russia without danger of Communist penetration. Friendship for the Russian nation, indeed, is one of the safest dykes against flooding by the Russian ideology.

Benes's Russian policy rests on considerations of security. Czecho-Slovakia is a small state, and a small state always stands in need of a large friend. The hope that

France, Czecho-Slovakia's friend of the twenties, will play a leading role in the new Europe is dead. Czecho-Slovakia must depend on Russia. It would be dangerous, moreover, for a small state to irritate so powerful a neighbor as Russia. Benes, therefore, desires a European federation friendly to Russia. *Cordons sanitaires*, in his view, can only become ribbons on the funeral flowers of the states that compose the *cordons*. If Western diplomacy, bent on walling up Russia, tries to establish a new and more ambitious *cordon sanitaire*, it will simply be cultivating irritations that will surely become wars.

The fact that Benes told a newspaper correspondent in London of his plan to visit the United States suggests that he expects a good reception. If Washington gives him a good reception, it will mean that the United States government is approaching a decision in favor of friendship with Russia. The news of Benes's expected visit coincides hopefully with the speech of Vice-President Wallace at Delaware, Ohio, in which he warned that a third world war in the twentieth century would be the end result of an attempt by the United States to isolate the Soviet Union.

Okies Wanted

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

FOUR or five years ago we used to cuss the "Okies." Now when we see one we feel like rushing up and throwing our arms around him." A Madera cotton rancher was speaking of the changed attitude in California toward the dust-bowl migrants who thronged into the state's farming areas from 1935 to 1939. His words indicated that the problem of California's farm labor supply was entering a new phase. First the Chinese, then the Japanese, the Mexicans, and finally our own refugees from the Plains States were successively welcomed into California, subjected to prejudice and discrimination when they came in too great numbers, and tolerated when they settled down to become a part of the community. Now a new cycle is beginning, as the growers are demanding that Mexican labor be admitted into the United States without restriction.

Madera, a town of 6,500 people in the heart of the rich San Joaquin Valley, has experienced all the stages. The Japanese have of course been removed—despite the outspoken sympathy of many Maderans for the American-born children of Japanese parents. The Mexicans form a permanent and growing section of the town, and in some classrooms their children actually outnumber those of the "Anglo-Americans." There is a growing

colony of Negroes, attracted to California from Oklahoma, Texas, and nearby states by the relatively high wages and the comparative lack of racial discrimination in the West. And there are the dust-bowl refugees.

In 1938 and 1939 the migration of the so-called "Okies" into Madera reached its peak. They had been attracted by the large-scale employment of cotton pickers, half of Madera County's 100,000 irrigated acres being devoted to cotton. The county's cotton crop was worth nearly \$4,000,000 in 1940 and furnished more than three-fourths of all seasonal farm employment.

The migrants usually ended up at Madera picking cotton after they had gathered other crops to the southward in the summer and early fall. Since little work could be found anywhere after the San Joaquin cotton crop was in—the citrus crop farther south offered employment to a relatively small number—thousands of these people remained in or around Madera. Relief and WPA reached a high point early in 1939, when 5,000 families were dependent on government aid, most of them "Okies" who had no work from December until April. Their children filled the schools, which were expanded in one district until classes were held in the school-bus garages and even in the janitor's home. Certain of the taxpayers felt

resentful, but Madera, unlike some other Western communities, did not "take it out" on the children.

In the fall of 1939 the C. I. O. agricultural workers' union ("UCAPAWA") invaded Madera County, organized a large proportion of the cotton pickers in a local union, and staged a short-lived strike. The pickers had been getting 75 to 90 cents per hundredweight and hoped to raise the rate to \$1.25 by united action. But they did not reckon with the stubbornness of the growers, who were accustomed to deciding the wage rate at their annual meetings. On October 21, 1939, a mob of 150 angry cotton farmers gathered outside the County Park, where the strikers were meeting, and ordered them to disperse. The strikers refused, and a pitched battle followed. Sheriff W. O. Justice and his men did not interfere, but state troopers ended the riot by using tear-gas bombs. The sheriff then said, "The situation appears to be well in hand, with both parties dispersed." This meant, of course, that the growers had achieved their purpose. "We are not exactly proud of that day's happenings," one Madera business man told me.

The strike was broken, and to this day the farm workers of Madera County remain unorganized. Hundreds of the former Okies have now settled down to live in Madera, most of them on one- or two-acre plots on the fringes of the town. Shrewd farmers subdivided large stretches of grain land worth \$20 to \$25 an acre and sold it to the migrants, without improvements of any sort, for \$125 to \$150 an acre. As they had time, the settlers dug wells, built small frame shacks to live in, and planted vegetables and flowers. An occasional family prospered, sent its children on to high school, and came to take an active part in the life of the community.

At least half of the immigrants of five years ago have now left Madera County. Some have gone to the San Francisco Bay region to work in the shipyards, which already employ 165,000 workers. After Pearl Harbor a few started back to their old homes to escape possible bombing attacks, but the extent of this movement has been greatly exaggerated. A much larger exodus began when nation-wide gas rationing was first announced, and thousands of Okies who had been unable to get their roots down into California's soil headed back eastward while they could.

The resulting acute labor shortage dismayed the growers and caused some of them to regret their former toughness. At their 1942 meeting they increased the rate for pickers to \$1.50 a hundredweight, or nearly twice the official rate for 1938. Local growers raised this to \$1.75 and \$2, some paying as high as \$2.25 for the clean-up. Since a good worker can pick from 200 to 300 pounds of cotton a day, this meant a relatively high wage. But still there wasn't enough labor.

In the fall the Madera County Defense Council took a hand in the matter. Craig Cunningham, secretary of

both the Council and the Madera County Chamber of Commerce (which is closely allied with the Associated Farmers), organized a "Food for Victory" drive which did a good deal to save the crops. Leading citizens, including school principals, teachers, and the district attorney and his wife, went into the fields to pick cotton, grapes, and tomatoes. The schools, except for the primary grades, closed for two weeks so that the children could help. One group of thirty-five children, organized as a sort of shock troop, went twenty-six miles to a farm near Firebaugh and picked eighty-five tons of tomatoes which would otherwise have rotted in the field.

The children worked under the supervision of the teachers, who called roll and kept an account of their earnings. Within two weeks the supervisors learned that four hours in the field was the optimum working day for children. After that the schools were put on a half-day basis, adjourning at noon so that the pupils could spend afternoons in the fields. The teachers saw to it that the proceeds went to the children themselves, not to their parents. As a result the 3,077 children who participated earned a total of \$88,000, of which \$74,000 was from cotton. They also enjoyed themselves, and their efforts saved nearly all of the cotton crop; only the clean-up was left to adults.

The situation next fall will be worse, not better, for farm workers are still leaving Madera. Moreover, some time this year the huge Friant Dam—fourth largest in the world, and second only to the Shasta Dam in the huge California Central Valley project—may be put in operation. Its prime purpose is to replenish the water supply in existing irrigated areas, not to reclaim new desert land. Madera gets only nine inches of rainfall a year, and deep wells dug for irrigation have lowered the water table until existing crop land is in danger. But when the dam and irrigation canals are finished, crops will be increased and more labor will be needed.

In 1943 Madera will again have to utilize school children and the rest of the community to get the crops in. The Chamber of Commerce and the Defense Council, however, are laying plans for the future. In the first place, they are supporting a move in the Legislature to modify the minimum 170-day school year, perhaps by giving credit for time spent in the field. This would undermine the state's high educational standards, even if it were limited to "the duration," and is therefore meeting opposition.

The second plan of the Madera County growers is to break down federal restrictions on the importation of Mexicans. "We shall need 50,000 pickers, not the 3,000 we had last year," a representative of the growers told me. "The minimum wage of 35 cents is O. K.—we paid more than that last year. But we can't afford to put up a \$100,000 bond, or to take a chance on being responsible for the Mexicans. Furthermore, we can't furnish them

new houses, with hot and cold running water and the like, because we can't even get the materials."

Some modification of federal requirements may be necessary to meet changing conditions. But if California beet growers were able to comply with the basic stipulations and import 3,000 Mexicans, the well-organized cotton farmers should be able to do the same. Further steps are up to the War Manpower Commission. Freezing of farm labor in critical areas and raising of farm wages are clearly indicated.

Eventually, mechanization may solve the present shortage of cotton workers. In February the *Madera News* reported the arrival of a mechanical cotton-picker in the county. While one such machine could not handle more than 1,500 acres in a season, thirty or forty of them could pick virtually the entire crop. In view of the limitations on the manufacture of farm machinery, however, it is not likely that many can be obtained. Madera County will have to rely on community effort for the duration of the war.

Democrats Against the Party

BY JONATHAN FARMER

THE pouter-pigeon posturing of members of the new Congress is one of those comic performances to which this body periodically treats a tolerant public. Their shouts of "See how independent I am," "Watch me take my rightful place as a coordinate branch of the government," "Down with bureaucracy" are only revelations of the vanity which is the predominant trait of politicians who have been the beneficiaries of a popular vote. This exhibitionism is common enough and ordinarily harmless. It delights the exhibitor, amuses the cynical, and fools a certain number of impressionable or uninformed people. But in the present instance it bodes ill for the Democratic Party. From a national point of view it looks as if the dominant Democrats in Congress were laying the groundwork for a long stay in the wilderness.

This expectation is not based simply on the expressed determination of Congressmen to assert the rights and prerogatives of the legislative branch of the government. There is nothing ill-omened in that. A sense of responsibility on the part of members of Congress regarding its legislative function would be an asset to the party, just as the extra-legislative activities of special investigating committees have often been wholesome. Signs of a bleak future for the Democratic Party are found rather in the boasts of these exponents of Congressional independence about how they intend to exemplify it. Evidently they propose to undo, as far as they are able, everything that has made the Democratic Party triumphant, everything that has won for it the confidence of the people, during the past ten years.

This trust was reposed in the Democratic Party of the New Deal because it showed its devotion to the people's welfare as opposed to that of special interests and the privileged classes; because it placed human values above property values; because it recognized that the distress of citizens was a direct concern of their government. It

lived up to its convictions by passing various temporary relief measures in the depression years and by setting up permanent agencies for the advancement of social justice and security. That these efforts were heartily approved by a great majority of the people was amply attested in three national elections.

Even if they are indifferent to the humane, progressive, and just achievements of the New Deal, politicians might be expected to support a program which has proved so popular, and to be influenced by the purely practical consideration that a policy which landed them in office and kept them there was a good thing to cling to. That, indeed, was the case till lately. Democrats in name but not at heart supported the New Deal because they felt it meant their political life. But being by nature and conviction Tories and anti-social, they secretly waited for the day when it would be expedient to come out in their true colors. The gains made by the Republicans in the last Congressional elections have evidently convinced these lip-service Democrats that that day has arrived, and now we hear the Southern reactionaries babbling about doing away with this New Deal measure or crippling that one. Moves have already been made by them, or by others with their concurrence, to emasculate the Wagner Act, to abolish the Farm Security Administration, to weaken or nullify the Securities and Exchange Commission, to do away with the National Youth Administration, and so on down the line.

Since this Bourbon Southern group is the dominating element in the Democratic Party in Congress, especially in the House, its ability to lead the party out of office is great. In the Seventy-seventh Congress there were 118 Democratic Representatives from 12 Southern states to 147 from other parts of the country, and 24 Democratic Senators from 12 Southern states to 41 from other states. In the present Seventy-eighth Congress the 12 Southern states have 111 of the 222 Democratic members of the

House and 24 of the 57 Democratic members of the Senate. In both houses, therefore, the proportion of Southerners among the Democrats was greatly increased by the last election.

Because of the seniority rule and their generally continuous service Southerners hold the chairmanships of the most important committees. In the Senate "Cotton Ed" Smith heads the Committee on Agriculture; McKellar of Tennessee is next to the aged and ill Carter Glass of Virginia on the Committee on Appropriations; Bailey of North Carolina heads the Committee on Commerce; Reynolds of North Carolina, the Committee on Military Affairs; George of Georgia, on Finance; and Connally of Texas, on Foreign Relations. In the House the Speaker is Rayburn of Texas, and on the powerful Rules Committee, which dictates what legislation shall be considered, after the chairman stand Cox of Georgia, Smith of Virginia, Clark of North Carolina, and Dies of Texas. The chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency is Steagall of Alabama, and heading Judiciary and Military Affairs are, respectively, Sumners of Texas and May of Kentucky, as reactionary a pair of gentlemen as were ever returned from Pennsylvania or New Jersey by the Republicans.

What chance has a humane or enlightened proposal among primitives of the type of "Cotton Ed" Smith, McKellar, Reynolds, and Martin Dies? How far would a modern or progressive idea get among such fossils as Byrd of Virginia, Bailey of North Carolina, and Cox of Georgia? It would be unfair of course to lump together all Congressmen from the South as reactionaries. The South has sent a number of able and enlightened men to Congress. The weight of influence, however, is with the bourbons; the progressives shine as exceptions.

The Republicans, of course, are cheering the reactionary Democrats on and, when a close vote makes it necessary, giving them just the required length of rope with which to hang their party. It's smart politics. Since there is a nominal Democratic majority in both houses, the Democratic Party will be held responsible for everything this Congress does, no matter how the vote on the various bills is divided.

Perhaps this Southern bloc in the Democratic Party correctly diagnosed the last Congressional election as meaning that the country has gone, or is ready to go, reactionary. When Herbert Hoover can lift the lid of his political tomb and peer around, it is a sign that others also believe there is a trend "back to normalcy." But if these Dixie Democrats imagine that a country ready to turn its back on progress is going to select the Democratic Party to carry out its mandate, they are deceiving themselves. If the people decide they want that kind of government, they will demand the simon-pure article. They will not want masqueraders or turncoats.

Furthermore, the leaders of the Republican Party in-

tend to see to it that such a demand, if it comes, shall be fully and squarely met. They will stand no liberal nonsense from those in its ranks who aspire to high honors. Just the other day when Governor Stassen of Minnesota, who has been mentioned in connection with the nomination for the Presidency, uttered some enlightened views about world affairs, he got a good dressing-down from members of his party in the House. Their remarks ran all the way from a pained "Oh, Harold, say it ain't so" to downright denunciation of him as "a stalking horse for the Democratic Party."

If the country wants Republican doctrine to prevail, it will call on the Republicans. And if the reactionary element now in the ascendancy in the Democratic Party in Congress carries out its loudly proclaimed intentions as to policy, the party may as well apply now for its discharge papers.

The situation was correctly described by Monsignor John A. Ryan of Washington in an address delivered at the convention of the American Catholic Sociological Society in Cleveland last December. His theme was labor, but what he said about the danger of labor's losing its gains applies with equal force to all social gains made since 1933.

If the Republicans elect their candidate for the Presidency in 1944 [said Dr. Ryan], and if they are able, with the assistance of Democratic reactionaries, to control both houses of Congress, the status and influence of organized labor, and therefore of the whole body of wage-earners, will undergo a disastrous decline. As a matter of fact, this combination of Republicans and reactionary Democrats already dominates the House of Representatives, that is, the body that was elected the third of last month. Except for two obstacles the most important recent gains of labor would all be swept away within the next six months. Those obstacles are the Senate and the President, and we cannot be too confident about the Senate. So long, however, as the present occupant of the White House remains there, no fears need be entertained for the cause of labor or the cause of social justice.

After the beginning of the year 1945 the situation may be disastrously different, and labor may face the imminent peril of losing all that it has gained through legislation since 1933.

Dr. Ryan's topic was labor and he stuck closely to it, but labor is not the only target of the reactionaries. In their hatred of the true democracy that would assure to every man a square deal before the law, equality of opportunity, economic protection, and social security, they propose to destroy all progress made in this direction during the tenure of the New Deal. Whether President Roosevelt and other sincerely progressive leaders will be able to remove this canker from their own party remains to be seen. There should be enough people in the country who still appreciate the benefits brought by the New

Deal to prevent the debasement of the party and also, if they are efficiently organized, to save the nation from being plunged again into such an era of greed and ignorance as followed the First World War.

The Republicans have seemed to be able to elect almost anybody President—witness the 1920's. But the Democratic Party to be successful has always had to live up to its highest professions and put up a candidate of outstanding character and attainments. That is the simple explanation of why Roosevelt was chosen for a third term.

It is the considered opinion of informed and unprejudiced persons that President Roosevelt was wholly sincere in his declaration that he did not wish to run for a third term. Without attempting to excuse the blundering methods by which his nomination was brought about, these persons believe that the reason he did run for a third term was that he finally realized he must if the achievements of his two terms were to be preserved. According to this view, President Roosevelt did not imagine that he was the only one capable of carrying on the New Deal policies. He probably had men in mind whom he believed able to do so and withheld a definite statement on his own candidacy till the very last in the hope that one of them might show the popular strength required not only to obtain the nomination in the convention but also to win the election. The New Deal gains would not have been saved by the nomination of a candidate who, though able and well-disposed, could not carry the country.

No one can say whether a like situation will arise in 1944. Nor dare a prudent person predict what President Roosevelt's response to it would be. His enemies are already saying that if peace is not here by convention time next year, he and his friends will be stressing the necessity of his remaining in office till the war is successfully concluded.

All that lies in the future. The immediate task of President Roosevelt and of all loyal supporters of the democracy of the New Deal is to save the Democratic Party from the reactionary elements that are sabotaging it. Otherwise the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1944 and for many years thereafter will not be worth seeking.

Many years ago, when the animosities engendered by the Civil War were still alive and the Democratic Party had suffered a disastrous defeat in a national election, a leading Democratic newspaper vented its disappointment on its own party in an editorial which said: "The party is without a future and without a hope. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain. The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and rotted its bone." Reversion to the archaic policies and antediluvian leadership of poll-tax Southerners can well do the trick again.

In the Wind

EDDIE RICKENBACKER is said to be stunned by the hostile reception labor has given his speeches, and his advisers are worried lest it hurt his standing as a hero. . . . Labor organizations are backing a tour by John Bartek, who was on that raft with Rickenbacker. Bartek is a union man and a sergeant in the army. He says Rickenbacker is a good man personally but all wrong on labor.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, after protests by the *Amsterdam Star-News*, a New York Negro newspaper, has agreed to stop calling one of its brands "Nigger Head."

FRENCH SAILORS from the warships being repaired here report that the Fighting French newspaper *Pour la Victoire*, published in New York, is *verboden* aboard ship.

AT BROTHERHOOD WEEK services in Christ Church Episcopal Cathedral in St. Louis recently, whites and Negroes sat unsegregated. No one was visibly perturbed by the arrangement.

NOT WITHOUT FRIENDS are the thirty-four men and women under indictment for conspiracy to undermine the morale of the armed forces. The Citizens' Civil Liberties Committee has just been formed for the express purpose of defending them. Margaret Easton, New York state secretary of the new organization, tells why in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*: "Because the American Civil Liberties Union, that great 'liberal' organization, so-called, has continually refused to come to the aid of these anti-Communist leaders . . . and because we strongly suspect that the American Newspaper Guild through its membership has in some manner silenced the press."

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER was recently quoted in the press as saying in a public speech, "Conservatives dream of hemming Russia in behind a barrier of dwarf states." People who heard the speech insist that he said "Catholic states."

FESTUNG EUROPA: To become ineligible for military service many Hungarian men are representing themselves as Jews. . . . All athletic competitions in Norway are supposed to be directed by Quisling's Sports Association, but the nation's leading skiers recently held a secret tournament and proclaimed a champion without benefit of Quisling. When the Nazis found out about it, they arrested twenty-five prominent skiers. . . . Under Nazi rule the treasury of the city of Utrecht has become so depleted that a tax has been levied on public notices in newspapers to meet "steadily increasing municipal expenses."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Report Out of Spain

II. Prisons and Prisoners

THE night Rodríguez Vega* arrived in New York we spent together. He had brought his story from Madrid, and he had to tell it to someone. It was a fresh, intact story; the weeks he had spent in Portugal were not part of it. It was as though he had left Madrid the day before and had landed in New York after a non-stop flight.

I let him talk for hours. During the brief week that he was in New York before leaving for Mexico, I saw him often, and he did the greatest part of the talking. In order to get his full impressions of three years of Franco Spain, one had to understand his state of mind. One had to allow him to draw out all the thoughts that had been accumulating for so long. Physically he was in New York. Spiritually he was still in the Cárcel Modelo, the main prison of Madrid. To follow his story, one had to place oneself in the atmosphere of the Madrid prison. For any Spaniard of my background that was not a difficult task. I was perfectly familiar with its corridors and its cells.

The first night that we met here my interruptions were confined to questions about some friend or comrade about whom there had been no exact information. "Shot." "Twenty years." "Still waiting for trial." He gave no details, but immediately went on with his tale. It was in this way that I was able to record the story of the Spanish prisons. I made many notes, and I am going to reproduce some of them here, as I took them.

Salvation by the Crimea: D. was fifty years old. Until the outbreak of the Spanish war he was a *sereno*, a night watchman in the streets of Madrid. He was of no party but was known for his Republican sympathies, and, after Franco took power, was denounced by some elderly spinster in his neighborhood as an anti-Jesuit and a man without God. During the war he had rendered minor services in the rear guard. His one distinguished action was his help in the arrest of some *paqueadores*, franc-tireurs who in a blackout sow the seeds of panic in the city. That deed gave him a moment of glory in the neighborhood. Now he was going to pay for it with his life. He had been sentenced, but others had been, too; weeks had elapsed, and he had not yet been dragged out to face the firing squad. It gave him time to hope for a miracle, a miracle which was to come from very far away. Every morning when he woke, his first question

was "How are things going in the Crimea?" He was not an educated man. Of Russia he knew only that it had helped Spain during the war. But now he felt Russia as an ally. He had made up his mind that when the war on the eastern front was won, the Axis would be finished—and then he would escape execution. "Nowhere else," observed Vega, "do people follow the war as attentively as they do in the prisons of Spain. For many it means not only victory but the hope of coming back to life."

Searching for Garbage: Vega received extra food from the outside. For three years the prisons of Madrid have been the centers, the gathering places, of the democratic sympathies of the city. If someone is still in a position to save a little food, he sends it to the prisons, either to family or friends. It is a kind of permanent demonstration of solidarity. Vega's extra food came mostly in cans. He shared it with his cell-mate, but part of it spoiled quickly, and he threw it into the garbage pail. Immediately another prisoner grabbed it. Vega warned him that it was not to be eaten, that it might poison him. He promised him that the next time he received food he would share it with him. Useless. The other took the spoiled food into his corner and ate it. Bad or good, it was the first thing he had seen in months that looked like meat.

A Voice from Heaven: For many days a small type-written paper circulated through the prison. It was very much worn with handling. But the prisoners touched it with great care. It was part of the text of a sermon by Father Hevia, Catholic priest of the prison of Alcalá de Henares, and it was a warm denunciation of the mass-murder carried out by the military court. "Despite the promises of generosity made by the authorities, many honest fathers of families are being shot. An atmosphere of hate is being created that will provoke tremendous reprisals afterward." The whole sermon revealed a profound concern for the consequences that the Franco repression will have for the Catholic church. The lower clergy, it is true, have been against so much shooting and are in great part hostile to the regime. Catholic youth was represented in the prison by boys from Acción Católica, arrested for distributing leaflets considered subversive. These boys did not restrain themselves when they talked with the Republicans in the prison. They openly condemned the Phalanx. All this is true. But it is no less true that all through these three years the Catholic hierarchy has been unreservedly identified with the Franco regime. Spanish prelates, so eager to denounce "red atrocities" during the war, have since its end tol-

* Secretary of the General Workers Union who escaped from Spain and came to the United States via Lisbon. He is now in Mexico.

erated the execution of thousands and thousands of men and women without uttering a single word of mercy. One day things may take an opposite turn, and the Republicans may again come to power in Spain. It will be difficult then to reestablish the respect of the people for a Catholic hierarchy which has behaved in this manner. That was the fear expressed by Father Hevia in the sermon circulated in the prison, injecting an amazing note into the flood of literature that was passed around.

Beatings: Happily, T. is still alive. He has not been shot as was reported some time ago. But he had already endured his twentieth beating. He is a Socialist of fifteen years' association with the party. He has been in it practically since he was a boy. T. has tremendously broad shoulders that defy the brutality of the Phalangist gang. Vega saw him immediately after one of those beatings. He could hardly walk, but his voice and his eyes were as firm as ever. "If they believe that by breaking my bones they are going to obtain anything from me, they are silly, those boys," he said. He remained in a corner of his cell, taking no food for many days. The idea that he knows everything about the underground movement has saved him, until now, from being shot. Because of his extraordinary constitution he is, perhaps, the man who has survived more beatings than any other. For the rest, beating is daily fare in the Madrid prisons. In the handling of prisoners the influence of the Gestapo is very apparent. The Spanish police have adopted methods that were quite unknown in Spain before, and that can easily be attributed to Nazi *Kultur*. For instance, they beat prisoners in the presence of their families. Perhaps in a moment of breakdown the wife or the daughter may tell something—something which the prisoner has been stubborn enough to conceal. Vega tells of cases in which the judge and the attorney joined the police in beating the prisoners—a symbol of the high impartiality of Franco justice.

Singing in the Night: Larrañaga has been shot; so there is no need in his case to use initials to protect him. A Basque Communist, he escaped the fascists at the end of the Spanish war. He was safe in Central America when his party sent him to Spain to work in the underground and to help organize resistance in the eventuality of Franco's entrance into the war on the side of Hitler. With him was Dieguez, also a Communist and very active in Madrid organizations during the civil war. The two men had hardly landed in Lisbon when they were arrested by the police and delivered to Franco. The Christian dictatorship of Oliveira Salazar applies the *droit d'asile* in its own way. Every demand by Franco for extradition of Republicans who have succeeded in fleeing into Portugal is granted by the Portuguese government. In the case of Larrañaga and Dieguez, there had been no time for extradition. But the police, anticipating Madrid's wishes, hurried to turn over the two

Spaniards to the Franco authorities. They were sentenced to death. All through the night before the execution Vega heard Larrañaga singing. From time to time he would call to Dieguez to join him: "Now you, Dieguez, let us see if you can beat this song." It was as though Larrañaga was afraid that Dieguez might fall asleep and that his silence would be interpreted as fear. Many prisoners, Vega says, have gone to face the firing squad singing. Usually they sing political songs, but some have sung *flamenco*. And there was one who, in order to irritate the Phalangist watchmen, went to his death singing the song of the Requetés—the rival faction in the present Franco regime and bitter enemy of the Phalanx. One night, when those who had been sentenced to death were singing, Vega heard one watchman say to another: "There is nothing to do. Those reds, they are not to be broken. To save the regime it would be necessary to shoot four-fifths of Spain. And I wonder. . . ."

Sentence Revised: Vicente Carrillo, Socialist mayor of El Escorial during the Spanish war, was condemned to thirty years in prison. He would have been sentenced to death but most of the conservative people of the fashionable summer resort interceded for him with the court. He went to prison. The local Phalanx protested. They demanded a retrial. Carrillo's case came up again before a military court. This time he was sentenced to death—and shot. Surely the counsel for the defense, appointed by the court, was at a disadvantage. Not only was he confronted with the farcical reality of fascist "justice." He was also overworked. Franco's murder machine worked fast, especially in the early days of the regime, and Vega reports that a single public defender prepared the cases of twenty-seven political offenders in half an hour. Most of them were sentenced to death.

The Unfinished Toy: Vega said to me, "If one day I should write the story of the Spanish prisons during these past three years, one of the chapters will carry the title 'The Unfinished Toy.'" I shall leave the subject to Vega, but I cannot resist saying a word about it. In the gallery for those sentenced to death the prisoners kill time—sometimes weeks and months of it—by carving little wooden toys. They are sold outside the prison and often help the men to secure an extra ration of food. But those prisoners who have children always keep the best ones for them. There have been many cases when, in the midst of making a toy, a prisoner has been called to be executed. Before he goes, he gives the toy to another prisoner who sets to work on it so that he may send it to the child of his friend. In one case, the second prisoner was executed before he could finish the toy. It was passed on to a third. Three men shot—and a little wooden toy as a souvenir of the most cruel period in the history of the Spanish nation.

A. DEL V.

[The first part of this article, *Politics and War*, was published in The Nation on March 6.]

Something to Fight for

BY JACK GERBER

DO you know what Europeans are hearing about us—us people of the United Nations? Here's an example. If you had been a European listening to your radio the day after Henry Wallace made his Delaware, Ohio, speech, you would have heard:

The differences of opinion which divide the Anglo-Saxon plutocrats and the Bolsheviks are most conspicuous when Washington or London or Moscow begins to scheme for the future. Their points of view are as far apart as the poles, not only in the ideological field but also as regards practical political problems. Confirmation of this delightful state of affairs was given by Mr. Henry Wallace, the American Vice-President, who has lamented that should no agreement be reached between the Anglo-Saxon plutocratic powers and Red Moscow at the end of the war, a third war would be inevitable.

If you had been a European listening to your radio during the recent border discussions between the Polish government-in-exile and the Soviet Union, you would have heard:

The Soviet terrorists have aspirations for Finland and Poland, and also the Soviets want to gain access to the Atlantic, either through the northern regions of Europe or across the Mediterranean.

Or suppose you had been listening to your radio in Europe while the necessity for post-war maintenance of naval and air bases was being discussed in the United States. This is what you would have heard:

According to Colonel Knox's wailings over the territories which the United States wants for naval bases, it is obvious that the United States is plotting to grab naval and air bases all over the world.

All the foregoing quotations are taken verbatim from German broadcasts directed to Europe and recorded in New York at the CBS short-wave listening station.

It is difficult for an American, used to free discussion of all sides of a question, to imagine Europe's intellectual isolation. Radios in every home and loud speakers in every public place tell just one story. The newspapers repeat it. At the present moment it is the story of Axis solidarity versus United Nations disunity.

Let us assume that you are a Little Man in Europe. You work in a factory under the eye of the Gestapo. When you get home at night you are desperately tired and you don't get much to eat. You blame your condition on the Nazis, and your only hope lies with the United Nations. But day after day you have drummed into you this story of United Nations disunity, imperialism, greed. You don't want to believe Nazi propaganda, but since you hear nothing else doubts are beginning to form in your mind. So you work up the courage, and

the energy, to sneak out after dark to the house of a friend who has one of the few short-wave radios left. Blinds drawn, you and your friend listen to New York or London, hoping for words telling you that the Nazis lie, that the United Nations plan to build the kind of world you want to live in.

But you hear only generalities. You go home with the impression that the United Nations are going to win, but asking yourself: "After the United Nations win, will they merely haggle over the spoils; start the old imperialist game all over again? Is this worth risking my life for—now?"

The United Nations have little to say about their post-war plans because those plans are still hazy. It is false to assume that the Nazis tell nothing but lies. Dr. Goebbels's use of the repeated big lie is powerful propaganda, but more powerful is his use of the quasi-truth. The impression of United Nations disunity that Europe's Little Man is getting from Dr. Goebbels's propaganda is false, but it is based on the truth that we disagree on the shape of the post-war world. The distinction between disunity and disagreement is not one easily understood by a person whose mind has been perverted with distortions of the facts.

Where do we stand on the question of policing the world; by whom shall it be done, if by anyone? Where do we stand on the question of post-war boundaries? Where do we stand on the question of post-war trade? We have disagreed on these vital subjects and on many others; we have publicly argued about them in loud voices, and our disagreement has seemed to Europe's Little Man like disunity. We have not resolved our disagreements; so Europe's Little Man doesn't know what we want him to fight for—now.

It is no answer to say we should speak more quietly about our disagreements, or remain silent about them. Very rightly, millions of people in the United Nations are discussing them now, but too few of our elected leaders seem to be pointing the way to resolution. The six Senators who proposed Congressional action committing the United States to a share in planning and maintaining the peace have a hard fight ahead of them. If their proposal succeeds, they will have gone far to reassure Europe's Little Man and disconcert the Nazis. If it fails, the Nazis will be able to proclaim that the Atlantic Charter, vague as it is, is only an executive statement which has been refused Congressional sanction.

We may assume that Roosevelt and Churchill decided at their Casablanca conference to open a second front this year. The second front is going to require all the help we can get from inside Europe. A unified, official United Nations post-war plan, which can only be drawn up in a conference of the leaders of the United Nations, will recruit to our side the divisions that may be decisive in winning the Battle for Europe.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

THE *Völkischer Beobachter* reported on February 25:

Recently an unscrupulous business man who had been selling meat surreptitiously was sentenced to death by the Darmstadt court. This will serve as a warning to all who were toying with the same idea.

As you see, the risks of operating on the black market in meat are much greater in Germany than in the United States. Nevertheless, not even the scaffold, plus German "organization," plus dictatorship, plus three and a half years of rationing, have been able to prevent it entirely. Nor does its volume seem to be insignificant. The *National-Zeitung* of Essen carried this item on February 13:

Richard Kuhl, a butcher of Delitsch, was sentenced to death by the Halle Special Court for secretly slaughtering 100 pigs, 51 head of cattle, 115 calves, and 48 sheep.

A fair achievement for a single butcher.

Day in and day out it is hammered into the German people that the era of privileges for the well-to-do is past. The most touted of the virtues of the new "total mobilization" is the fact that it affects everybody, without discrimination.

The English will certainly say that it applies only to the common people and not to the rich. Do not believe them. There will be no more discrimination. No one will have a right to think that more is demanded of him than of another [*Neues Wiener Tageblatt* of February 21].

Such statements may be propaganda, but to take them for merely propaganda would be completely to misunderstand the German situation. On February 21 the *Völkischer Beobachter* printed an article entitled Education of Employers which reminds us of a little-known fact, though it is not anything new.

Not a majority but a considerable proportion of managers and the like wrongly think that increases in salary may still be demanded. Otherwise the Labor Commissioner's office would not receive so many applications for higher pay. The added burden the war has placed on managers in no way justifies a larger salary. Even if the manager of another firm, in a similar position, receives more, that does not justify the demand. If an engineer or an accountant is appointed manager, his right to an increase cannot be denied. But when the manager of an enterprise employing only eight persons thinks he is entitled to 11,000 marks [about \$4,200] a year and makes a long journey to Berlin, taking up valuable space in trains and hotels, simply to obtain this increase, he is going contrary to the restrictions that are necessary at this time.

The interesting point here is that the income of a German employer is fixed by the state. Although nominally he has the profits of his own business, de facto he can take out only as much as the authorities permit.

The Gauleiter of the South German province of Franconia called together on February 11 the restaurant proprietors of Nürnberg, the capital city, and instructed them on their duty to the Fatherland. One of the points he emphasized was that they must frequently turn on the radio and let their guests listen. He said further, according to the account in the *Fränkische Tagespost*:

Restaurant keepers must consider themselves sentries for Germany. Therefore they must not allow guests in their establishments to engage in defeatist talk. They must report such persons to the police. . . . They must exercise especial watchfulness over persons who assert that they are good Germans but opponents of National Socialism. Every opponent of the party is an enemy of Germany.

News of the widespread defeatism in Germany leaks out also from other sources. In the North German province of East Prussia, the *Königsberger Allgemeine Zeitung* complained on February 12:

Nothing so oppresses German spirits as the memory of the unfortunate outcome of the First World War. The British have brought it about that many of the faint-hearted are troubled by the slogan "We shall destroy ourselves with victories." This fatally false conception dampens all joyful satisfaction in our great successes and seems to be insidiously confirmed by every unavoidable setback. The briefest reflection would supply these faint-hearted ones with a moral lesson. But faint-heartedness stifles all reason.

The same theme was discussed from a different angle by a Württemberg paper, the *Alemanne*. This paper attacked "objectivity."

Who does not know [it said] the presumptuous prattlers who, in this difficult time, undisturbed by the actual facts, express their "objective" views? Who does not know those impudent fellows who, whenever a word is uttered against our enemy, reply, "But they too are human beings"? They even try to justify on military grounds the criminal English air attacks on German women and children—for one must be "objective." They are the people who regret that the German newspapers and radio do not regale them with the so-called English, American, and Russian army communiqués, so that they might form an "objective" picture of the situation. They would like to have the German press sacrifice its precious space and set before them for breakfast Churchill's and Roosevelt's lying propaganda speeches. They think anyone is a hero for truth who, in spite of warnings and punishments, listens to a foreign radio. Yet that is precisely one of the most unhealthy occupations. Instead of bringing one nearer to the truth, it leads into a thicket from which the most

practiced and experienced persons struggle out with shattered nerves. Regardless of the fact that a listener risks his head, let everyone be warned: keep fingers and ears away from such sources of knowledge.

Objectivity in any form is assailed at every opportunity. The German public, the *Völkischer Beobachter* discovered, liked the British General Montgomery far too well. So Hitler's own paper quoted him as saying, "Now is the time to drive the Boches out of Africa," but it translated the untranslatable French word *Boches*, quite falsely, as "German pigs." That showed how mistaken was any friendly feeling toward Montgomery.

Just as they laid the declaration of war at the Führer's door after he had worked for peace for six years [it went on] they now call us pigs to our face. From now on we must lay aside our peaceableness and the upright generosity we have always practiced. It will be hard for us, because we like to feel amiable and mild. They changed all that for us when they made us realize that Montgomery and Giraud think of us as "pigs." Let there be hatred, hatred, and again hatred! Remember, Montgomery called us "German pigs."

File and Remember

Berlin Reads the "Spectator"

ACCORDING to an English weekly, the *Spectator*, in its issue of February 12, there is no difference between Russian communism—as the *Spectator* calls it, or bolshevism, as I call it—and British capitalism, or plutocracy as one might say. "Even if such differences," says the *Spectator*, "had existed at the beginning of the war, they no longer do so now." —WILLIAM RODERICK DIETZE from Berlin (CBS short wave).

The contrast between Russian communism and British capitalism is not the last word in definition and distinction. Even if it were so when this war began, it is certainly not so today. Russia, after her revolution, went through a stage of fierce evangelism, but that was profoundly modified when, in 1927, Stalin established his thesis that a Communist Russia could exist in a capitalist world, and Trotsky, who held the contrary, went into exile. Too much emphasis can be laid on what is commonly called ideology. The Russian soldier today is fighting more for the Russia he loves than for any economic doctrine, though there is no doubt that the change in the individual's economic status has given him a new sense of, and pride in, citizenship. Emphasis on ideology indeed helps no one in this connection. Cooperation, free and unreserved and based on mutual trust, between Britain and Russia will be vital to the stability of Europe in the post-war period, but that is not going to be achieved by any shortsighted attempt to make Britain conform politically or in any other way to the pattern of Russia, or Russia to the pattern of Britain. Each country has its individuality and is the better for it.—The *Spectator* (London), February 12, 1943.

To Be or Not to Be

"All of you, men and women, without any exception must have but one thought: that this war decides whether our nation is to be or not to be."—Hitler, November 8, 1942.

You will fight in the marshes of Poland,
You will fight on the great German plain,
You will fight in the forests of Russia,
You will fight on the hillsides of Spain,
You will fight in the streets and the airfields,
Our *Lebensraum* you will defend,
If our frontiers are crossed, State and Party are lost
So you will hang on to the end.
The question is—to be or not to be?
For you as definitely as for me.
Your whole existence hangs upon this war,
So *oder so!* otherwise, either . . . or . . .
Either my military intuition
Secures your territorial ambition,
Seen in the greatest conquests of all time,
Or, felled by reptiles of the Russian slime,
Crushed in the pincers of the Allied drive,
No virile German will be left alive,
Ja, Volksgenossen, you will not escape,
Chains, slavery, extortion, murder, rape.
Bolshevik hordes, despite annihilation,
Propose your national extermination,
For German, Austrian, worker, townsman, peasant,
Disaster will be equally unpleasant,
No need another "Fourteen Points" to wait,
The least of you will share your Leader's fate.
Either I win, or else, you may rely on it,
As you have made your bed, so you must die on it . . .
Eternal triumph, or complete shipwreck,
You are all in it, right up to the neck.
My vast, decisive stroke has been prepared,
Stalingrad's fall has been by me declared.
I give in war, whatever be its length,
My infinitely radiating strength,
I personally take upon my shoulders
The winter hardships of my million soldiers.
Our foes their *Teufelsplan* already make
Your manhood, my existence are at stake.
The home front is a battle theater, too
Where all must toil and sweat—and this means you.
The faintest sign of night-life or complacency
I warn you will almost exhaust my patience.
Our ally Italy is on the spot,
She also asks—is she to be or not?
My infinite decisions now I voice,
You must fight on, because you have no choice.
And this is my intuitive conclusion
Either World Order or complete confusion!
You are myself, I you; it is for us,
To drive the juggernaut, or miss the bus.
World Bolshevism or German Victory!
Not be, or be? to be or not to be?
—SAGITTARIUS in the *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

BOOKS and the ARTS

THE CLICHE AND THE CLASSIC

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WHAT is a classic? The best that has been thought and said in the world. Best for whom, by whom judged the best? There is a criterion of the classic, more vulgar but none the less significant: persistence—in those pieces of prose and poetry, often fugitive, often widely misquoted and anonymous in the memories of a wide public. A candid anthology of what has survived in that miscellaneous encyclopedia of popular recollection would and should include things deeply beautiful and true, for these have also been popular. It would include, too, some of the persistent "classics" which have survived because for one reason or another they have about them a gleam of false gold. They immortalize platitudes, eternalize the obvious in humor and the maudlin in sentiment. They are the cheap luxuries of the poor in spirit, and are dear to our hearts as the scenes of our childhood. Many of them were first learned in childhood, and merely seeing them on the printed page recalls the very smell of the freshly washed schoolroom floor in which we first heard them, or the days of some August of our adolescence when we were first greatly moved by them. Our tastes are formed, it has been suggested, by our first masters and our first loves. "A Treasury of the Familiar"* should include naturally passages of prose and poetry connected with both. Such an anthology as that before us does a very good job indeed. It is a rich goulash of the beautiful and the banal.

Two-thirds of it consists of the immortal third-rate. The paradox remains why so much that is clearly cheap, limp in expression, flaccid in feeling, cliché in thought, should survive. There is Kipling's "If" along with the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." Granted the purpose of the anthology, they belong here. For both are familiar and both have for generations brought tears to the eyes, sometimes to the same people, though at different stages in the history of their tastes.

Here, on two facing pages, are "Home Sweet Home" and Prospero's "We are such stuff as dreams are made on." On opposite pages, too, are the parable of the rich man and the kingdom of heaven, and "The Village Blacksmith." Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood" is followed by Admiral Nelson's "I owe all my success in life to having always been a quarter of an hour beforehand." Thoreau's account of his going to live in the woods is followed by "Casey Jones." "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" is followed by Clough's "Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth." Housman's "Wake, the Silver Dust Returning" stares across the page at "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl."

There is, I think, one curious consistent contrast in familiarity between the really classic passages, the great poetry, and the merely sentimentally persistent. Who besides John Kieran—who writes the Introduction—knows who wrote

* "A Treasury of the Familiar." Edited by Ralph L. Woods. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand"? I confess Julia Carney was news to me. Who wrote the Boy Scout oath? Even the editor does not tell us. Or "The Face on the Bar-Room Floor," whose title, by the way, is here given—I take it correctly—as "The Face on the Floor." Everyone who knows the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" knows who wrote it. "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold" reminds everyone of Wordsworth. What explains the rapid anonymity of the universally known second- or third-rate? I can only guess, and I suspect that it is because the cliché and the stale sentiment seem like something everyone has said and might have said. They need no author because it is the mediocrity in each of us that speaks.

As one browses through these pages, other questions arise. What are the themes that animate most of the famous second-rate stuff in a volume such as this? What are the household words, and what are they about? This is a book of American household words, that is, of song and story and phrase familiar in the memories and in the mouths of Americans from their earliest childhood, the verses they were asked to recite at school, or the sentiments they early saw engraved on parlor walls or on pin cushions or on the stationery of business men's clubs.

Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky.

That sentiment, from "Robin Hood" (words by Clement Scott), animates how much of the popular song and popular story in this republic! Two hearts beating as one and beating their way to

No love less perfect than a life with thee,
O promise me, O promise me.

Omar Khayyam, also in this book because equally familiar, has in Fitzgerald's translation something to say more succinctly along the same lines. Love without lack and courage without doubt are beloved themes. "If you can be a man when all about you. . . ." "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." And nostalgic retrospect: "Sad memory, bring the light of other days around me." "Ah, that thou couldst know the joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy." And filial affection: "Who fed me from her gentle breast, And hushed me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kisses prest? My mother." And the human touch: "And we find at the end of a perfect day the soul of a friend we've made." And the perpetual note of pathos creeping: "And one by one we must all march through the narrow aisle of pain."

H. L. Mencken used to remind us of the width of the Bible belt in this country. Browsing through this book, the reader will be not altogether surprised that half the misquotations epidemic in the country came from the Bible. There are, perhaps not surprisingly, about thirty quotations from Shakespeare. What is surprising is not that passages from Shakespeare should be so widely familiar but that nearly all the quotations here are from plays seldom studied in school. They are mostly from plays not even frequently

acted, nor perhaps frequently read. But the passages quoted are none the less household words. The compiler of this hospitable volume is a one-man Gallup poll of taste in America. For it appears he did not compile what he thought other people liked but, from a long life of clipping collecting, pasted what he liked himself. If familiarity is a criterion, his taste is, I think, flawless. I suspect no one who has grown up in this country will find any surprise in the book, except to find all these things in one volume. And if this book contains the standard objects of popular taste in this country, what is one to say of that taste? Possibly that the heart of the country is sound, possibly that it is soft, possibly both. Clearly, as a people we love love and courage, we deplore the passing of youth, we praise God and pass the ammunition. We like our mothers; we cherish liberty and a house by the side of the road. Our favorite sentiments may be expressed with beauty, distinction, and dignity, or truth, by God or Lincoln or Shakespeare. They may be expressed tawdrily by Robert W. Service, or Ella Wheeler's "Laugh and the world laughs with you," with which the book begins. But apparently we care more about the theme than the manner. No one could accuse us of being precious or metaphysical if this Treasury of the Familiar is an index of our tastes or our lives. One finds no T. S. Eliot, and only one passage from Donne and that the passage made famous only recently by the he-man, Hemingway, who writes of Spain or anything else as others write of the West where men are men.

Tolstoy once held that one should make the common man the judge of art and literature. Well, the common man in America, judging by what he remembers, has a pretty catholic taste. So long as it is sweet or noble or sad, or strong or cozy or optimistic, he'll read it and like it and take it to his remembering heart. And if it's Keats or Shakespeare, that's so much velvet. But Julia Carney is all right, too; her heart's in the right place and her words are on the tablets of our memory, even if her name is in oblivion. If it is doubt or perplexity we wish rather than comfort, if we seek not the simple "verities" but the complexities of truth, we must look elsewhere, among the saints and thinkers in their solitudes, not in the family circle of literature.

Spain Under Franco

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD: THE FRANCO REGIME IN SPAIN. By Thomas J. Hamilton. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

THE American expeditionary force under General Eisenhower started to land in North Africa on November 8, 1942. The Spanish Republican government in Madrid and its anti-fascist officials in Spanish Morocco were overjoyed. I mean—suppose this had been so. Suppose the American, British, and French governments and the Catholic church had not helped to kill the Spanish Republic. Eisenhower could now be fighting Rommel in Tunisia with the considerable forces he is wasting to guard the borders of Spanish Morocco against a possible Nazi-Franco attack. But what is the use of supposing? If the democracies had been wise, this whole World War might have been prevented, or at least postponed. As Thomas J. Hamilton, the author of this timely

book, points out, Spain was the first battle of the present war. But blind statesmen do not win battles. So we lost this one. We started with that and other handicaps and are paying for them today.

Mr. Hamilton went to Spain in August, 1939—five months after the end of the civil war—as regular correspondent of the *New York Times*. He stayed for two years, then went to Chile, where he observed how Franco and the Spanish fascist Phalanx Party sabotaged the cause of the democracies in Latin America. Mr. Hamilton has a keen eye and a sharp, able pen, and his character can be read between the lines. He has many principles and scruples, and he abhors dishonesty, double standards, corruption, and fascists. When he doesn't know he says so, and when he is merely giving his opinion he tags it as such. Consequently, when he states a fact as a definite fact I feel we are safe in trusting him. Now and then a pro-Franco partisan took him for an informational ride and told him what happened during the war against the Republican government. But this apart, and it is confined to a few paragraphs, the volume conveys Mr. Hamilton's personal observations and researches in the Spain which Franco conquered with the aid of Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, Daladier, the Pope, and our own government.

Mr. Hamilton's report on conditions in Spain is harrowing. Although he found the destruction from the war less than he had expected—this was very instructive to me who had been in Spain during the war—the ruins are still there. Five years after Irun was destroyed in the 1936 fighting, "the work of rebuilding the town had not even started." This is typical. But not only has there been no reconstruction, there has been further deterioration since the war. Spain's excellent system of highways, Mr. Hamilton states, "has deteriorated considerably since peace came." In general, the "situation in Spain has steadily gone from bad to worse since the end of the civil war. Both material conditions and the morale of the people were worse in 1940 than they had been in 1939, and worse in 1941 than they had been in 1940, and worse now than they were a year ago." Spain is "a starving country." Worse: "in few countries of the world is there such a grinding, soul-destroying hunger and such luxury for the favored of fortune." "A Dante," he says, "would be needed to describe the hunger of the Madrid poor, living in wretched hovels . . . and not even soap with which to wash themselves." But later Mr. Hamilton and his wife "discovered that Madrid was a land of milk and honey by comparison with the incredible misery of Andalusia," and elsewhere they saw the same "famine." In Seville "the animation and gaiety . . . was gone." Even in food-growing villages "children with emaciated limbs and faces like skulls gathered around the car." As a result, according to the estimate of the head of the Spanish public service, "the death rate in 1941 was double what it had been before the civil war." That is probably why some reactionaries thought Spain needed Franco.

Franco's most fiendish crime is this: his "regime has set itself the task of keeping alive the hatred inherited from the civil war." "Seldom in history," Hamilton writes, "has a government so deliberately set out to infuriate the conquered." The conquered are the Spanish people. Most of the

intellectuals of Spain, Hamilton declares, are "dead or in prison or in exile." He describes a meeting at which one young Spaniard dared to suggest that the past ought to be forgotten. "Every speaker attacked this proposal as a Communist device. . . ." After the fall of France thousands of Spaniards who had fled to France when Catalonia fell returned to Spain. "Many of these were imprisoned as soon as they came back, however, and few of the remainder were permitted to work," although Spain has been suffering from "a serious shortage of labor." Furthermore, "publications in either Catalan or Basque have been forbidden. Neither language [the language of millions, L. F.] is taught in the schools or used in the courts; priests are even forbidden to conduct services in the local language" in Catalonia and the Basque land. As a typical crime against the Franco regime, Hamilton cites a husband and wife who gave their children Basque names and talked Basque to them. "They were condemned in absentia to the loss of half their property." In addition to this perversity and political illiteracy on the part of Franco, "the incorrigible inefficiency of the Franco regime also has delayed recovery." Hamilton cites numerous concrete examples.

But let no man imagine that there are no compensations for the Spanish people; all this misery and woe has a brighter side. Franco's victories have brought great reforms in Spain: "divorce has been abolished," and so has civil marriage for Catholics. The Jesuits have returned and regained their "huge property holdings." Religious instruction has become "compulsory in state schools." King Alfonso, now dead, "got back his estates," and so did all the *grandees* and landlords. Teaching of contraceptive methods has been forbidden. Bathing suits must be worn longer. In other words, the civil war was worth the cost. Nevertheless, Mr. Hamilton reveals that "disillusionment with the results of the war was general" among Republicans as well as the Franco usurpers, and the latter "were beginning to feel that their sacrifices had been in vain and that Spain was worse off than she had been when the war began." Franco himself lives in the Pardo palace near Madrid; "his isolation there approaches that of the Grand Lama." He ventures out only under the heaviest guard.

The author feels that "the day of reckoning is inevitable." The population waits "for the day of revenge." Franco's regime, "despite its iron suppression of opposition, probably has been less popular than any other in the world today." Why? "The inherent cause of Spain's misery lies within the Franco regime itself." Franco has not won. He is merely in power, placed there by Hitler and Mussolini and the appeasing democracies. Within the regime there is "continuous wrangling." The Phalanx is split within itself; the Catholic church has "a fascist wing"—which is surprising; Franco and Serrano Suñer and their respective partisans feud incessantly, and there is no peace or unity or plan or logic or sense of benefit in this governing group of murderers who waded into office through the blood of a million Spaniards. Let the foreign friends of Franco read this book and weep. They made him.

At home Franco has converted nobody; "the same people who fought Franco and Hitler for nearly three years are ready to do so again if only they are assured that they will

obtain a democratic government as a reward for renewing the battle against fascism." Mr. Hamilton, oddly enough, thinks that the United Nations ought to give such assurances to the Spanish nation. Instead, Sir Samuel Hoare and Carlton Hayes, the British and American ambassadors in Madrid, have assured Franco that the democracies mean him no harm and that he could remain dictator if we won the war. As Hamilton shows, Franco rewards us with an energetic movement of his thumb to his nose and then relapses into his normal state of lethargy.

All this is the background against which Mr. Hamilton paints a careful, detailed picture of the battle that has been going on to get Spain into the war and to keep it out. I think Mr. Hamilton makes a good case against the Anglo-American policy of appeasing Franco now; he believes it does not alter the situation and only helps the fascists. The book contains many important historical facts on the Axis attitude toward Franco's participation in this war and the reasons Spain remains in a condition of suspended neutrality. It also contains good advice to our State Department, as well as sober and calm and therefore very telling criticism of the department's dealings with Franco.

Some of Mr. Hamilton's most valuable statements are those which throw light on Hitler's political and military strategy. Spain was a good vantage-point from which to see that.

LOUIS FISCHER

The Honest Man . . .

ANDRE GIDE AND THE CRISIS OF MODERN THOUGHT. By Klaus Mann. Creative Age Press. \$3.

THE crisis which Gide's life and work epitomize has to do with the conflict between the individual and society. What happens to the honest man in civilized society?—that is the grand question. Somewhere the author quotes Emerson: "Society is everywhere in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." Usually the man of genius begins as rebel; it is not always that, like Gide, Whitman, and others, he ends with acceptance. The frail ones are often crushed en route—maimed, blighted, scrapped on the dung heap. Yet in all of them, as Gide poignantly reiterates, was the desire to serve the community. But communities are not yet organized that permit this highest form of service. The true individual is harassed and persecuted everywhere, now as yesterday, and tomorrow doubtless as today, not only in the lands of our enemies but here at home in our midmost midst. That is the cardinal fact, the ineluctable truth, which stares us in the face, today more than ever. André Gide was of tough fiber; he survived the ordeal. One wonders what would have happened to him had he been born in England, Soviet Russia, or America? One wonders what would happen to Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson were they alive today and still filled with truth.

One of the most interesting things about Gide's life is the wide circle of friends that surrounds him. What an illustrious list of names scattered throughout the pages of this book! Decadent France! What a privilege to have been born there, to have had in the space of one lifetime such friends—or enemies!—as Maeterlinck, Valéry, Proust, Peguy, Curtius,

Bernanos, Daudet, Maritain, Wilde, d'Annunzio, Roger Martin du Gard, Bergson, Henry James, Anatole France, Rilke, Copeau, Rivière, von Hofmannsthal, to mention just a few. There are some names, such as Céline, Picasso, Cocteau, Aragon, Raimu, Breton, whom the author deals with slightly, contemptuously, even vituperatively—yet if we in America had produced only these six how incomparably richer would our lives have been! In Gide's life there was, apparently, room for all. His antithesis, the lifelong friend who was his most persistent and inveterate enemy, is Paul Claudel. Interesting commentary on friendship. Only a man of the utmost integrity could retain such a mixed coterie of friends, admirers, detractors, and enemies. It is this man who says, "Isn't it curious, this need to search for vile reasons for other people's opinions?"

A line from Baudelaire, a line which we are informed meant much to Gide, gives the clue to his particular caliber of honesty: "There are in every man, in every moment, two simultaneous tendencies—one toward God, the other toward Satan." (It is Gide who stresses the "simultaneous.") Toward the end of the book, commenting on the world débâcle, Mann gives a long citation which is worth the strictest attention. "Why not admit it?" says Gide. "I too have sinned and have contributed my bit to the general disarray." "How is it possible," he queries, "to ignore the sinister qualities of modern man, after the bold and tragic revelations of Rimbaud and Dostoevski, Stendhal and Nietzsche, Flaubert and Baudelaire, Tolstoy and Kierkegaard? How could we indulge in euphemisms about man's intrinsic goodness and simplicity, in view of their cruel and admirable truthfulness?"

One of the saddest episodes in this rich life is Gide's adventure into communism. What irony that his "Back from the U. S. R. R." should have been his first best-seller! (Whereas the "Nourritures Terrestres" sold only 500 copies in twenty years!) Fiasco though it was, this endeavor to serve the cause, Gide does not emerge a ridiculous figure. Again his honesty and integrity save him. It is the others, those on both sides who wished to exploit him, that appear ridiculous. Gide simply avows that he made a mistake, that he had been drawn into the political inferno because the creative demon had temporarily deserted him. He does not lose his faith in man, in man's ability to improve. Toward the close of his career he reaffirms, in effect, what he said earlier in his life, that "it is here and now that we experience the real thing, the eternal life." To the younger generation he says: "If you drift or slip, don't think that everything goes downhill from now on. Life travels upward in spirals." His last message is full of calm and cheer. In part it resembles the language of Buddha himself. "Never cease to believe that it could be richer and finer—your life, and the lives of your fellow-men. Take nothing for granted! Question everything! . . . Some day you will understand that it is man—not God—whom we should blame for the disarray of our worldly affairs. From that day on you will no longer acquiesce in evil."

There is one baffling gap in Mann's account of Gide, and that is the subject of his love life. We have almost nothing on this, Mann points out, from Gide's pen. Though it was Gide himself who said that the imperative of the artist is to "communicate frankly what one may have found out about

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one's inmost conflicts and condition," there is in his writings, nevertheless, an amazing reserve and discretion. Even the results of the Algerian adventure remain obscure. It is stated by a friend that Gide had even more need of women than of men, but where is the naked, revelatory account of these relationships? Even his wife, Emmanuèle, remains a veiled figure. Was it *pudeur* that withheld him? Could he not even confide in his faithful, portly diary? One would like to know. It is a serious lacuna in the life of such an outstanding autobiographical artist.

HENRY MILLER

Philadelphia in Franklin's Time

REBELS AND GENTLEMEN: PHILADELPHIA IN THE AGE OF FRANKLIN. By Carl and Jessica Bridenbaugh. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3.50.

HERE is a book devoted to Philadelphia which is neither a history of the Quaker city nor a guidebook. It deals with the life, culture, arts, and achievements of the inhabitants of Philadelphia during the age of Benjamin Franklin—a period that runs approximately from 1730 to 1790.

I am sure that it will surprise most readers to learn that Philadelphia, at the time of the American Revolution, was the second largest city in the British Empire. So the authors say, and I have no doubt that they have taken pains to verify their assertion. At that time the population of the town was about 40,000, a number that was exceeded only by the inhabitants of London. Next to Philadelphia came Bristol in England, with 36,000 inhabitants, and even Bristol appears to have been more populous than Edinburgh or Dublin.

This American metropolis was, in Franklin's time, the center of colonial civilization. It was much superior to New York and Boston in the social qualities of grace, leisure, and elegance that surround and nourish the arts and sciences. Twenty years before the Revolution it had groups of literary-minded people who wrote poems, essays, and political pamphlets. Painting and the decorative arts flourished. Philadelphia was the home of Benjamin West until he went to England to live, and many of his early portraits are still hanging on the walls of Philadelphia homes.

All these evidences of culture and gracious living astonished visitors from England. They expected—or so it seems—to find in Philadelphia a backwoods people, chiefly concerned with clearing land, building cabins, and learning to read. But the Philadelphians of that period could read very well. By the middle of the century the city possessed several well-stocked public libraries and numerous bookstores. In 1776 the town had seven newspapers. None of them was a daily, but several of them appeared three days a week.

In other public-spirited ways Philadelphia led all other colonial communities. It had the best hospitals, and its provisions for taking care of the poor were unexcelled at that period. As early as 1752 the town had a system of public street lighting, while at that time the streets of New York were lighted by householders who placed lamps in their windows. Even more remarkable in the way of progress was the paving of the Philadelphia streets. That was done in

1771, when a paved street was a curiosity in any American community, and pedestrians who walked a few blocks in wet weather expected naturally to be splashed with mud from the wheels of passing vehicles. In this early paving in Philadelphia a hard roadbed was laid down for carriages, and a narrow footpath, made of bricks, was placed close to the houses on each side of the street.

Unfortunately this book, which contains so many facts of interest, is so ineptly written that it is almost unreadable. The authors have crammed so many items on a page that they have made it resemble the World Almanac—not in appearance, but in import. Omission of much of the data thus included would have improved the book.

Also the authors, who are undoubtedly among the world's best researchers, lack evidently the sense of inwardness. Hundreds of people are mentioned in the volume, but the reader never really meets any of them. In fact, the reader never gets beyond the outside of anything. That's a pity, for there is enough latent life and drama in these four hundred pages to make a great and memorable book.

W. E. WOODWARD

Fiction in Review

I FIND myself not only temperamentally antagonistic but theoretically opposed to a book like "The Voice of the Trumpet" by Robert Henriques (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2). It is a novel about the war, and the reader approaches it with respect for the fact that the author is himself a commando officer—here, we think, is someone who has known the real thing, and it imposes a certain delicacy on us. But the book is so subjective that we quite lose the experience of war in the welter of the author's self-expression. The story opens at the zero hour in a raid, when an exploding shell kills Captain Smith and most of his men. In a dying vision Smith reviews the reasons for his own and the other men's presence on the "mountainside of war"; he is able to accept his death. This is the outline of "The Voice of the Trumpet"; the book is so amorphous and mystical that even this much of a clue to its content is come by with great effort.

It is explained that Mr. Henriques exactly set out to write "not primarily a report on a raid" but "a report on man's spirit"—I quote from Stephen Vincent Benét's brief introduction—but any good report on a raid, any good novel about anything whatever, is a report on man's spirit. The requirement is only that man in general be recognizable in the particular writer, or that man in general be more recognizable because one man has looked at him, or perhaps that the spirit of the particular writer shine so brightly that for the moment we are satisfied to let him inhabit the world alone. My objection to Mr. Henriques is that he fulfils none of these requirements. He has intentionally not written a "realistic" novel, but neither has he written any kind of novel, or any kind of poetry—despite the introduction of many stretches of verse. His mood of solemnity and lyricism, his mysticism and his exaltation, all fail to disguise the simple fact that more than nine-tenths of what he writes is merely unintelligible. Even his relatively "easy" passages are pretentious and self-indulgent; the following is an example:

It is clear that the force of a happening is in its relevance; not in the cut stone, nor in the setting, but in the finished jewel aptly disposed; not in the kernel, nor in the shell, but in the whole fruit, together with the tree which it has grown to burden and the garden that surrounds the tree. This, a blatant platitude, in war time needs constant recollection; or a man may easily be misled into a false judgment of what is important, and an overestimate of the momentous event which is, in fact, quite trivial.

Prose like this, I feel, is closer to double-talk than to poetry, and evidence, what is more—if we examine it for its music apart from its meaning—of a poor ear.

As I read "The Voice of the Trumpet" I kept thinking of James Agee's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," published about two years ago. Mr. Agee was no more inclined to write a "report" on the share-croppers than Mr. Henriques is to write a report on the commandos, but his book was truly a report on man's spirit because, however subjective Mr. Agee's approach, his eye was always on the real, the tangible, and the objective. It may have been a fault of "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" that the author was so concerned to create himself out of his experience of share-croppers (if you will, this is not the highest impulse of art: the point is arguable), but at least he gave the reader, too, the materials out of which to create *himself*: it is the artist's responsibility. In this sense irresponsible, Mr. Henriques may give proof, in "The Voice of the Trumpet," that he has a busy inner life, but he gives no proof that he is an artist.

There is a large amount of simple writing talent in Robert Easton's "The Happy Man" (Viking, \$2.50), a first book by a young rancher out of Harvard who is now an officer with a tank-destroyer battalion. Its formless form (here are a group of men working together on a huge cattle ranch: this is the way their days are spent, this is what they are and were), its decent distance from its characters, the decent distance between its author and his audience, all in some sort remind me of "East of Farewell," a novel about life on a destroyer, by a young writer named Howard Hunt, which was published last fall and which should have received more notice than it did. "The Happy Man" even shares the chief weakness of Mr. Hunt's novel: in Mr. Easton's book, too, the characters, despite their colorfulness, are so much the same color that they all blend together, and it comes to be a matter of distinguishing them by name, not by personality. However, what "East of Farewell" had which "The Happy Man" conspicuously lacks was enough drama and action to keep the author from riding off over the rim of reality. I have admitted myself temperamentally ill-adapted to mysticism, and I found Mr. Easton's title chapter, for instance, irritatingly obscure and wilful.

Whether or not Stuart Cloete had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote "Congo Song" (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50) I am unable to figure out. It is the story of a group of white people who live together on the African equator: a doctor, a botanist, a painter, a collector of wild animals, an American, a Woman—in short, a more or less standard collection for a microcosm. At the pop of a cork they gather in twos and threes to talk about science, art, or sex, mostly sex. It is just before the outbreak of the war. The woman, who is very beautiful and very immoral in a blond tropical way with lacquered toes, has a pet gorilla which (or whom) she has

nursed at her breast; she is also a Nazi-hunting agent of the British Intelligence. Well, before the book is done, a couple of the characters not only turn out to be up to German no-good, but the gorilla has its (or his) share in the defeat of fascism—but this is not until we have gone through a considerable number of conversations about glands, witchcraft, hypnosis, botany, Picasso, Plato, or anything else you might expect to find in a bargain-basement version of the encyclopedic Aldous Huxley. But make no mistake about it: Mr. Cloete may be cheap, but he has his values. The only trouble is that, even eroticism being capable of becoming too much of a good thing, in the long run "Congo Song" is duller than it is titillating.

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DRAMA

Henry Ward Beecher's Little Sister

HARRIET" (Henry Miller Theater) is a play about the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Like most of the new pieces seen so far this season it is no great contribution to dramatic literature, but the production as a whole most certainly does add one more to the few bright spots on a famous street now dimmed out in more senses than one. This is partly because the play itself is amusing enough and, under Elia Kazin's direction, plays well. It is even more because Helen Hayes gives one of her best performances and is likely to be remembered with a smile long after memory of the piece has grown dim. Quite possibly it was written with her talents in mind. In any event it fits them perfectly, and she plays with evident enjoyment.

Apparently the intention was to get something just enough—but not too much—like "Victoria Regina." The period is the same, and hence the atmosphere, stuffy but quaint, is the same also. Harriet was born in the royal line of Beechers, most of whom took greatness as nearly inevitable. She became a sort of queen; she was, like Victoria, "colossal in a small way," and she probably had rather more to do with the Civil War than Victoria had with either the Crimean mess or the consolidation of India. She even, as though to complete the parallel, married and cherished a pedantic nonentity who puttered about with high-minded ineffectuality. Whether or not the real Harriet was also a small woman I do not know; but if she wasn't she ought to have been. Miss Hayes's brisk little figure exactly fits the spirit of a woman who, while bearing a good many children—on occasion two at a time—and running a husband as well as a large household, nevertheless managed her spare time so well that, to everybody's astonishment, she ended up on a pedestal higher by several feet than even that from which the redoubtable Henry Ward was looking complacently down. In the first act, when Harriet has just returned from the honeymoon to her house, the stride with which she swings through her domain is something to remember. Without need of words it says clearly both how glad she is to get what she has now got and how much more she expects to have to be glad for in the future.

If "Harriet" had been written even a few years ago, the emphasis, I imagine, might well have been very different. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, after all, an astonishing fluke. Its success would have been comic if it had not happened to touch off a powder keg, and its author might easily be debunked in the manner of Strachey or his more heavy-handed successors. But once you are given the present war and the need for voices capable of achieving what Harriet achieved, the somewhat different tone taken in this play is almost inevitable. To be sure, satiric touches are frequent, and there is no attempt to suggest that Mrs. Stowe had either the talent or the knowledge necessary to write anything more than a sentimental melodrama. "Harriet" is, in other words, a comedy. But the play ends with the heroine making a speech—a very good one by the way—to a patriotic assembly outside her window, and the curtain goes down as her audience breaks into the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Moreover, that is a good and proper ending, since the whole course of the play has been to lead us from the level of period comedy toward that of historic solemnity.

On the historicity of the character as here written and interpreted I cannot pretend to know enough to pronounce. From what little I do know, however, I am inclined to suspect that Harriet has been idealized pretty well up to the permissible limit and that the version here presented of her mind and character is, shall we say, defensible without being exactly inevitable. The authors, Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, are obviously determined to make her as completely sympathetic as is possible without forfeiting comedy's right to smile even at heroines. She is represented as a kind of Cinderella, one of the babies of the family upon whom the resplendent brother Henry and the earnestly crusading sister Catherine—she went in for domestic science and the rights of women—look down in kindly tolerance. She is here endowed with an almost Jane Austenish combination of sedate propriety and realistic wit, and represented as passing becomingly from delighted surprise to a sober sense of responsibility as the magnitude of her success grows upon her realization. The Harriet of the play would never be pompous enough to say as the real Harriet is reported to have said: "I did not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'; God guided my pen." This real Harriet was probably not quite so likable a person as Miss Hayes makes the fictional one.

But that is quite as it should be in a piece of this sort, and I am not complaining about a very entertaining play and a very delightful performance. The temptation to rename the piece "How Helen Hayes Wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" is strong, but the gibe is not really quite fair.

In several of its more serious passages "Harriet" is also as good patriotic preachment for the moment as anything I have seen. Perhaps that is another illustration of the fact that, at least except in the case of the very best writers at their own very best, an oblique or tangential approach to the most important topics of the moment is more likely to be effective on the stage than direct treatment. I should add that though Miss Hayes is and should be the star, the whole company is excellent and very well directed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

THE HUMAN COMEDY" is an effort to create, through a series of lyrically casual, almost plotless scenes, the image of a good family in a good town in war time. Most of my friends detest it. A good many millions of other people, I suspect, will like it, as they liked the Andy Hardy films and Rupert Hughes's "The Old Nest," whose traditions it returns to rather more than improves on. I do not agree with either side. I think my friends are too frightened of tearjerkers to grant that they can be not only valid but great, and that the audience at large is too friendly, too gullible, too eager to be seduced. The picture is mainly a mess, but as a mixture of typical with atypical failure, and in its rare successes, it interests me more than any other film I have seen for a good while.

Many of its faults, and most of its virtues, are those of its author. What angers me is that Saroyan's original story, cut perhaps 20 per cent and sternly dry-cleaned, might have been the basis for a film which, though I might not wholly have liked or agreed with it, would have had a great deal of beauty and importance. That, of course, would have had to depend on every detail of its screen treatment; and in nearly every respect the treatment it gets wobbles between that stultifying kind of slick-paper competence which is worse than no competence at all and unforgivable errors of taste and judgment. The best one can say of it, with

few exceptions, is that it tries on the whole to be "faithful" to Saroyan; not invariably a good idea. The worst, in my opinion, lies less in its active failures of taste or of plain sense than in its easygoing, self-pleased, Mortimer Snerdish neglect of some magnificent opportunities.

There are, as I say, exceptions. Most of them involve the one sound piece of casting and performance, that of Jack Jenkins as the four-year-old Ulysses, who, I fervently hope, will not be used again; otherwise he will become just another actor. When Ulysses is trying to learn "My Old Kentucky Home" from his brother, or is asking his mother what the man meant when he sang weep-no-more—adding another weep-no-more with exquisite quickness and quiet—or when, watching an also well-played store-window robot, he first learns the meaning of terror, something perfectly limpid, true, warm, and powerful comes alive which gives Saroyan and this film, for all their lapses, a rare and honorable right to existence. There are other very good bits: the gentle leavetaking of three soldiers who have picked up two nice girls; the sound, filled with death and enigma, as they recede along a rainy night sidewalk; the beautifully timed, very moving sound, late in the film, of the first two horseshoes as they hit the dirt in the dusk. I am sorry Mickey Rooney was cast in the leading role, but I was touched to see how sensitive and earnest an actor this usually unfortunate young man can be. I thought he did almost as well with the part as an "actor" could.

It would be hard, I grant, to find anyone beyond childhood who might be capable of purity and directness of performance, which are hopelessly unavailable to most actors; but I wish it had occurred to everyone to try. The Hollywood traditions of acting, to say nothing of those of the stage, are incapable even at best of convincing one, except in the frankest kind of myth. I like some of the myths very well and some of the actors in them, but when there is any pretense whatever of portraying "real" people—as in "The Grapes of Wrath" and in this film—such actors are painfully out of place. Acting, even in the films I would like to see made, must inevitably develop a tradition, a style, which must as inevitably, in the long run, stultify and destroy itself. All I am urging here is that the present tradition be recognized for worse than dead, except within its limited and

also half-dead bounds, and that new sources be drawn on, new styles—drastically new ones—developed. Some time I hope to make some suggestions on this matter, at length. Here, there is time to say only that nearly every performance in this film, from the skilfully well-intended but traditional (Frank Morgan's) to the hopelessly unfortunate but also traditional (Fay Bainter's, Van Johnson's, Ray Collins's), strangles at birth every hope of a truly vivid reality. And surely there are enough Mexican mothers in California to make unnecessary the use, for a Mexican mother, of a sexy young actress with flour all over her hair who can't even make the accent convincing.

Saroyan's brand of Christian anarchy I find about equally genuine, sympathetic, professional, and muddled. I think his all but glandular inability to take evil seriously not only limits his world but leads him sometimes into foolishness and unintentional deceit; but I do not question, as some of my friends do, his right to make a story which is not "class conscious," nor do I disapprove of the film for its failure to rectify this presumed lack. I do notice, however, that MGM has used exactly as much of Saroyan's feelings (or ideas) as it pleases, and no more; which is only too liable to be the fate of men of good-will who are capable of good-will alone.

What annoyed me much more was the neglect of opportunities which, one would think, would be only too obvious to film-makers with a grain of cinematic sense. Take three salient examples.

A premental child hears a freight train coming, runs up close to it, waves, is answered by a singing Negro. Made, with any imagination, from the point of view of the child—and of plain fact—this could have been a roaring and miraculous half-minute. Not one thing in it is taken advantage of. To make the shame complete, the Negro himself has the fruity vibrato of a "well-trained" singer.

On another train, deep in the night—here referred to as "an American night"—crowded troops, on their way to war, get tired of talking and of dirty songs and by gradual stages take to singing a Moody-and-Sanky-style hymn. I think it is perfectly conceivable, or properly inevitable, that they would. But if they did, it would take some doing, and if we got it, it could be unforgettable. Here, all we get is a few mushy salon shots of a night train; the well-groomed, well-rested faces of about nine in the

evening; an obnoxiously emphasized Chinese and Filipino (?) to prove that, despite the absence of Negroes, this is the century of the common man; one excellent face, that of a big-eared prep-school type of child; aside from this, about a three-point-two amount of sensitiveness to faces; the song starting, unreal, much too soon; the soldiers getting into it with the overswift, disgraceful "informality" of a musical-comedy chorus, and sounding like one; a total absence of the complexity, the weariness, the power, the pity, the great beauty which it seems incomprehensible not to have imagined, and which one night's ride in a contemporary day coach could so richly have taught those who made, and were presumably content with, this scene. Or could it have taught them? Are Hollywood "professionals" so engulfed in their "profession" that they are incapable of seeing beyond the ends of their cameras? I rather suspect that most of them are.

I suspect it all the more in their general and specific failure to realize that here they might for once have used a real town in all its intricacy, individuality, and beauty. In the closing sequence a young man, an orphan, arrives who has never seen the town before but has heard much of it. He wants to look at it, tenderly and at leisure. He might have been the vehicle for as fine a summation as an American town could ever get. What does the camera do instead? Close-ups of his face, while his stream of consciousness murmurs that there is the library, and the Presbyterian Church, and so on.

Why did they bother to make the film at all? Why, for that matter, do they bother to make any? Surely, not twice in any hundred thousand feet can they flatter themselves that they qualify to.

JAMES AGEE

MUSIC

THE fourteen New York Philharmonic-Symphony players whose contracts have not been renewed have admitted the deterioration in the playing of the orchestra which Toscanini, when he was its conductor, said was the greatest he had ever conducted; but they have charged that they were being made the scapegoats for the errors which had caused this deterioration—the management's errors first in engaging "a young and talented man" who could not handle "the tremendous burden of a complete season's work," then

in trying "a bewildering variety" of guest conductors, each with his "pet hobby horses and . . . modern works" that could not be adequately rehearsed. And on the other hand they have charged the management with "pre-meditated and cultivated terrorism for years, with waves of firings anticipating any demands for betterment of contract," and have contended that the present dismissals are part of the management's tactics in its attempt to cut the length of the season. By the management I take it they have meant both the board of directors and Arthur Judson, the business manager; and Mr. Judson specifically they have charged with neglecting the best interest of the orchestra for the best interest of Columbia Concerts Corporation, through which he manages conductors and other concert artists. As for Artur Rodzinski, the newly engaged permanent conductor of the orchestra, they have contended that he recommended the dismissals "for reasons of intrigue and politics and not for the good of the orchestra," and that the recommendations represented "the arbitrary caprices of a man . . . well known . . . as completely unstable temperamentally." And as protection against all this they have de-

manded a committee of the orchestra empowered to review these and future dismissals.

It is true that in engaging Barbirolli, in giving a minor English conductor of a provincial Scottish orchestra a three-year contract as sole permanent conductor of a great orchestra that had been headed by Toscanini, in doing this not merely after he had been here a few weeks on trial and had exhibited his undistinguished achievements but even, secretly, before he had come here, in re-engaging him for two more years even after those three years of amply demonstrated mediocrity, in passing over Beecham while it engaged a Mitropoulos and even an Efrem Kurtz as guest conductor—in all this the management has proved its unfitness to control the orchestra's affairs. Nor has it proved its fitness now in my opinion, by engaging a man whose work has shown him to be a good drillmaster but a coarse-grained musician. By the management I too mean both the directors and Mr. Judson; for I think it reasonable to assume that where the directors' qualifications for their posts are their money, business standing, or social position, Mr. Judson's activity has not been limited to issuing stamps and petty cash. And with no knowledge of particular incidents which the fourteen players may have in mind I think it reasonable for them to contend that the man who has conductors and other artists for hire should not have anything to do with the hiring of conductors and other artists for the orchestra.

On the other hand the charge of waves of firings to terrorize the men is untrue: there have been, since the 1928 merger, only the few replacements that are normally made in an orchestra each year. And if one examines this year's list one finds that seven of the fourteen men have been playing in the New York Symphony and Philharmonic for periods long enough to make it credible that they are being retired and pensioned for age and lessened competence; one has been associate solo horn for the past two seasons, and presumably made his contribution to the sour notes I heard in Berlioz's "Queen Mab"; and one was tried as solo trombone this season, and may also have proved unsatisfactory. That leaves five, including the concertmaster: hardly a mass firing, and not without possible explanation.

At the time when the Philharmonic-Symphony was conducted by Toscanini and was a great orchestra there were

men who liked to play under him; but there were also men who disliked it and who were glad to see him go. They could tell you of his rages; but he could tell you of their enraging indolence and unwillingness to put into their work the intensity of effort that he put into his. What with his personal force and rages and disciplinary power he compelled them to play like a great orchestra; but the next week one attended a concert at which they were conducted by a man with less personal force and no disciplinary power, one saw the concertmaster relax comfortably in his chair and the others behind him do likewise, and one heard playing in which one could not recognize the orchestra that Toscanini thought so great. This illustrated the conflict of wills that is involved in the conducting of any orchestra—but also the lack in these particular men of the pride in their standing that has caused the Boston and Philadelphia men to maintain a minimum excellence under other conductors than Koussevitzky and Stokowski. In this conflict the Philharmonic-Symphony men lost to Toscanini, but won over the others, and continued to win over Barbirolli and some of the recent guest conductors; and they are now trying to win over Rodzinski. They talk of the management's errors; but the men who were glad to see Toscanini go in 1936 were glad to see Barbirolli come; they had a grand time with him, and continued to have a grand time with the guest conductors, and would like to go on having a grand time with Rodzinski. Faced with a conductor who has been given disciplinary power and has begun to use it, they are executing a manoeuvre to deprive him of it. If they are successful and he surrenders on these and future dismissals I can't see him achieving much with the orchestra; if he wins he will have to work with a sullen orchestra; but even in the best circumstances his achievements would be limited by his capacities. In the best circumstances we would not get another Boston or Philadelphia Orchestra; for that we would have to have a different orchestra, a different conductor, and—while we were at it—a different board of directors and a different business manager.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mason and Dixon's Line

Dear Sirs: An incident occurred on one of the coach cars of the Sun Queen to Florida which deserves, I think, the attention of your readers.

The coach was of the old-fashioned, unventilated, green-plush variety resurrected for the duration. The seats were occupied to capacity; baggage which overflowed the racks was piled in the washroom or along the aisles; stops were frequent and interminable.

Good-naturedly accepting a war emergency, we passengers made the best of it with a spirit of solidarity that reminded me of hunger marches and sit-down strikes. General discomfort inspired camaraderie, and the morale in that car was high. Or at least I thought so until the incident occurred which prompts me to write this letter.

I was returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get anywhere near the dining-car when I found myself bucking an inexplicable influx of jostling, perspiring, exasperated people. Since the train was under way, and these passengers could not have boarded it at a station, I asked one of them where they had all come from.

"We've crossed the Mason and Dixon Line," she said, "so they're clearing us out of the Jim Crow car."

By the time I had reached my seat, those who had submitted to this unseasonable eviction had occupied the places of the colored people scattered the entire length of the train, and the latter were streaming toward the segregated car.

I was unhappily reflecting on the contradictions inherent in American democracy when an animated Negro voice behind me attracted my interested attention. I turned around. A colored girl was addressing the conductor: "I paid for this seat," she was saying, "and I will sit in it. I am only asserting my rights as an American citizen in refusing to give it up."

I noticed that there was a Negro man beside her and a Negro woman across the aisle. The three were apparently sticking it out together. I promptly joined them, introduced myself, expressed unqualified admiration of their courage, and promised them active support if things got tough. They thanked me, and I returned to my seat. Presently

I ventured another foray on the diner. The matter of waiting in line, and then again waiting to be served, consumed some two or three hours of my valueless time. When I got back, I noticed that the colored trio had disappeared.

Since lights were off and the three soldiers who shared my seat were all sound asleep, I had to wait until morning to learn what had happened. A woman who loaned me her soap in the washroom informed me, with what seemed like very belated indignation, that a deputy sheriff had come into the car at Raleigh and put the three colored people off the train. "You should have seen their luggage!" added my informant, "They had the nicest-looking luggage." I assured her with some impatience that one didn't need to see their luggage to realize the high caliber of the three. They had the courage to protest, under humiliating circumstances, a general inconvenience which should have been protested unanimously by the more submissive white ticket-holders in the Jim Crow car.

I'm sorry I wasn't there when the deputy sheriff boarded the train. I'm sorry I failed to support the Negro girl, as I promised to.

I hope anyone going South in a sit-up car will keep alive the issue she and her two companions raised by refusing to cooperate when the authorities undertake their mass-relocation of passengers, to the greater glory of Hitler, at the Mason and Dixon Line.

POLLY BOYDEN

Miami, Florida, February 24

Jim Crow in the Camps

Dear Sirs: I just read the article *The Novel Case of Winfred Lynn* in your issue of February 20. The facts complained of are generally prevalent throughout military training camps in the Southern area. Take our own camp here. We have separate colored training detachments. These detachments are located at the extreme ends of the camp. Mingling of white and colored troops is distinctly frowned upon. The USO shows visiting camp always stage an extra performance "for colored only" at one of the post theaters. It is considered something of a misdemeanor for a white private to fraternize with his colored comrades in arms.

Thousands of Northern boys undergoing training here unconsciously acquire the habit of Jim Crow—a habit it may be hard to break down at the end of the war. Nothing is being done by the army to help break down the barriers of racial misunderstanding in order to pave the way for interracial harmony in the post-war future.

PRIVATE, U. S. ARMY

Somewhere in the U. S., February 28

Open Letter to Governor Stassen

Dear Sir: I have been interested in world organization for over forty years. Your plan strikes me as one of the most comprehensive and best balanced. Combined with large regional understandings like Western Europe and Eastern Asia, it would provide excellent preliminary blueprints for a saner world.

The time for definite action is evidently at hand. It would have come two generations sooner if practical men had placed their ability at the service of forward-looking ideas, instead of sneering at "crackpots" and "Utopians." It is hard to realize that only yesterday foresight was called folly.

There is one very practical question which you do not face and which will have to be faced. When your World Parliament convenes, when your World Council assumes power, when your World Court is organized, when your World Legion starts patrolling the lanes of sea and air, *what language are they going to use?*

Democratic solution: all languages will be recognized as equal; and that will mean chaos.

Oligarchic solution: only the major languages will be taken into consideration. But how are you going to draw the invidious line between major and minor? Before the last war, English, French, and German enjoyed privileged positions which were hardly challenged. But will it be possible, tomorrow, to treat Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, without counting the Oriental languages, as inferior in status?

Imperialistic solution: we shall impose English as the administrative language of the World Federation because Great Britain and ourselves happen to be richer and more powerful

than any of our competitors. Do you believe that our supremacy will be accepted whole-heartedly and permanently by Germany, Italy, France, or Russia? A well-organized world will frown upon any claim to privilege, predominance, hegemony; for there can be no genuine liberty for all without full equality of status.

Is there a fourth solution? Yes, one which is indicated by the experience of centuries. There is one international organization which has been a going concern for nineteen hundred years, and that is the Catholic church. It uses an international language, and that is Latin.

This is the century of the common man, and classical Latin may be too intricate for his daily needs. Why not then adopt as an international auxiliary language, as a *lingua franca*, a drastically simplified form of Latin, simpler, more regular, than Italian itself?

Respectfully submitted,

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University, Cal., March 10

Finland and the Four Freedoms

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate you on your honest and fearless attitude toward the French African muddle and its handling by our State Department.

I agree in the main with your attitude on home-front questions. As a member of the Farmers' Union I support your stand on Farm Security, etc. I do, however, question whether you realize that in order to supply cheap food we farmers must accept a lower standard of living than, for instance, skilled labor. Many of my neighbors and acquaintances are working in the shipyards at 'Frisco and Portland and are making more money than I am, though I work longer hours. You say farm income has gone up. True, but where was it to start with? The average living standard hasn't been too high for us farmers in the past.

I want to bring up another question. You quite rightly criticize British imperialism; however, the very same attitude when it is displayed by our other ally, Soviet Russia, is either excused or ignored. For instance, on the question of Finland. The Finns have had every reason to hate and fear Russia for centuries. The Stalin regime has certainly not done anything to dissipate this fear. Yet in your editorial in the issue of February 6 you blandly inform us that Finland must once more surrender territory immemorably hers. Why? Does

not the Atlantic Charter apply to her also? After all, if the Russians had not forced them into the war the Finns would certainly have remained as neutral at least as Sweden.

There has, of course, been much propaganda of a questionable nature about fascist Finland. I happen to be of Finnish parentage; so I probably am a little better informed about the people and government of that country than the average American. I could wish that *The Nation* would be very certain of its facts before it joins in the chorus of defamation against a small nation struggling against odds for actual physical survival. I believe the Four Freedoms should apply to all peoples, even those we or our allies might wish to subjugate.

ARNE KERO

Frederick, S. D., February 8

Vigorous Dissent

Dear Sirs: Sidney Hook, reviewing Alexander Meiklejohn's "Education Between Two Worlds" in your issue of February 27, quotes a sentence in which Mr. Meiklejohn had said his whole argument could be summed up. That sentence reads: "All the activities which give a man dignity are done 'for the state.'" "This is as false as anything can be," pontificates Mr. Hook, "and its falseness is not mitigated by the converse proposition which Mr. Meiklejohn throws in as a sop to liberalism." I am sure that *Nation* readers deserve to hear the converse proposition which Mr. Hook, scorning argument, has suppressed. It is this: "The test of any government is found in the dignity and freedom, the equality and independence, of its citizens. It exists through and for them, just as they exist through and for it."

Mr. Meiklejohn reached these two propositions after many pages of reasoning which Mr. Hook has systematically misunderstood and—with possibly tragic consequences—misreported. Or so it seems to one careful reader of Mr. Meiklejohn's book. It is a book about education. It begins with the assumption that education, in order to be excellent, should have something to teach. It notes that we no longer have a theology to tell us what this should be; and goes on to inquire whether politics might be restored to a dignity sufficient for the purpose. A fresh analysis of Comenius, Locke, Matthew Arnold, Rousseau, and Dewey convinces Mr. Meiklejohn that this is so; and two hundred pages of candid inquiry leave him in a position to recommend universal

education in the interest of a world state which such education would progressively make possible. Mr. Hook, reporting this recommendation, says it is merely tacked on "in the disguise of a deduction." Since Mr. Hook approves the recommendation itself, it can be only the reasoning of Mr. Meiklejohn that he calls in question. And since that reasoning satisfies me, I ask your permission to suggest that as many of your readers as are interested in human happiness should go through Mr. Meiklejohn's book by themselves. For the book is concerned with as important a theme as any I can imagine today, and its author does not hesitate to urge upon us the kind of order which consists with freedom—which, indeed, creates it.

Mr. Hook dogmatically prefers what Mr. Meiklejohn calls disorder; nor does the manifest personal slur in the next to the last paragraph of his review invite confidence in his power to consider arguments on their own merits. I suppose another review is not to be asked for. Failing that, I suggest once more that *Nation* readers see for themselves whether it is not Mr. Hook who is "false," "foolish," and "dangerous." Those are his words for Mr. Meiklejohn. But Mr. Meiklejohn has proposed that we labor to secure the major goods of reason and peace, whereas Mr. Hook grows lyric over the stoic virtues of "courage against odds, of contained grief, of detachment, and of renunciation so complete that it transcends the state." These virtues he quaintly arranges in a series beginning with "incorruptible scholarship," which of course no man belittles. They are beautiful but minor virtues, and the perfect setting for them is that tyranny which Mr. Meiklejohn is so manfully desirous of preventing.

MARK VAN DOREN

New York, March 7.

And Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: I am content to leave it to critical *Nation* readers who repair to Mr. Meiklejohn's book to judge whether I have "misunderstood" his views or "scorned argument" in rejecting them. I cannot, however, recognize Mr. Van Doren as an authority in this matter, for his letter shows he is deficient in logical sense. First, one cannot be guilty of "suppressing" a proposition to which one explicitly refers. Second, the "suppressed" proposition has no logical bearing upon the falsity of the statement under discussion. That statement, on which Mr. Meiklejohn rests the whole

force of his argument, still remains false. Third, Mr. Van Doren concedes it is false, although he is blithely unaware he is doing so. For he grants that some activities have dignity that are not "for the state." That on *his* scale of values they are minor is logically irrelevant. Fourth, from the fact that although critical of Mr. Meiklejohn's position I agree with some of his practical proposals, it does *not* follow, as Mr. Van Doren mistakenly infers, that "it can be only the reasoning" I call in question. I question the basic premises of Mr. Meiklejohn's political philosophy.

The issue between us is fundamental. Mr. Meiklejohn adopts the fateful line of Rousseau and Hegel on the existence of the General Will, which leads to the exaltation of the state over the individual. For me the state is an instrument of social action, good or bad, depending on whether it furthers or frustrates the growth of *persons*, who are alone the carriers of value. I characterized the position based on the General Will as "false" because it distorts the facts of political behavior; "foolish" because it leads to consequences that are literally absurd; "dangerous" because it can be used, and has been used, as a justifying mythology for totalitarian practices. In the short limits of a review I established this.

Mr. Meiklejohn himself is aware that his ideas suggest those of totalitarianism, but he assures us this is only seeming. On page 266 he says that he only half agrees with the political philosophy of Hitler and Mussolini. I have shown that, unfortunately, he cannot, in logic, stop at half agreement. This means that his theory of democracy is hopelessly confused; not that he isn't personally a good democrat.

To return to Mr. Van Doren. I find mildly amusing his attempts to lecture me about argument. But the insinuation in his closing paragraph that while Mr. Meiklejohn labors for reason and peace, I am concerned merely with glorifying stoic virtues that have their "perfect setting" under tyranny, I regard as a piece of impertinence.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York, March 12

Realism?

Dear Sirs: The following extraordinary statement was published by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with its exhibition of "American Realists and Magic Realists" and widely quoted by the press.

Many of the masterpieces of European and American art have been painted in this mode, which in the past few years has enjoyed a strong revival of interest on the part of a number of artists. The public, of course, has never lost its interest. No other style of painting appeals so naturally to the great majority of people, and in this sense it is a truly democratic style, offering no barrier of technique between the artist and the untrained eye. Now, after periods of impressionist, abstract, and expressionist art, it is once again of interest to the cultivated taste, as it has always been to the general public.

It is a gross misconception of democracy to say that something is democratic because it panders to ignorance. On the contrary, the basis of democracy is a universal free education that qualifies each citizen for democracy. "Realism" as a term—lately abused both politically and artistically—is too often used to justify philistinism. Its meaning, particularly as applied to art, is being distorted. Realism through the ages meant a depiction of the truth. A painting does not become real because of its "sharp focus and precise representation."

THE CULTURAL COMMITTEE OF
THE FEDERATION OF MODERN
PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

New York, March 10

Another Hopeful

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading Eight Hopeful Congressmen by Richard H. Rovere in your issue of February 27. I cannot understand why he left out Chet Holifield of Los Angeles. I wish you could reprint Holifield's speech in favor of killing the Dies committee.

I have known Chet Holifield for about fifteen years. He is now and always has been a liberal and friend of labor. Let Mr. Rovere keep his eye on Chet; he won't be disappointed.

JOSEPH BROWN

Los Angeles, Cal., March 3

Landon's Line

Dear Sirs: In a Lincoln Day address delivered at Omaha Alfred M. Landon, former Governor of Kansas and 1936 Republican Presidential nominee, while first admitting that his remarks "might seem a mere partisan blanket attack," asserted that they were "really an effort to spur a win-the-war policy." With that he launched an all-out scurrilous attack on the Administration, characterizing it, among other things, as "a small but dominant group of Nazi New Dealers" and as "fascist New Dealers." The speech was published in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and presumably in numerous other journals. Such language at this

critical time makes for disunity at home and moreover tends to impair the morale of our armed forces.

The harangue ended with the following: "We must be willing to cooperate with the world, not on the sacrificial basis that Vice-President Wallace proposes, but on an intelligent self-interest of a world free from repressive high tariffs, managed currencies, unstable monetary systems and monopolies."

It is inconceivable that the Honorable Alfred M. Landon does not know that the American protective tariff is not only the offspring but also the pride of his own political party, and that managed currencies and monopolies flourish when enjoying the benefit and sanction of Republican administrations. That is common knowledge. College freshmen imbibe it in copious doses in their debating societies.

Verily, Alf, "none so blind as those that will not see."

JOSEPH H. DOCKERY

Milwaukee, Wis., March 1

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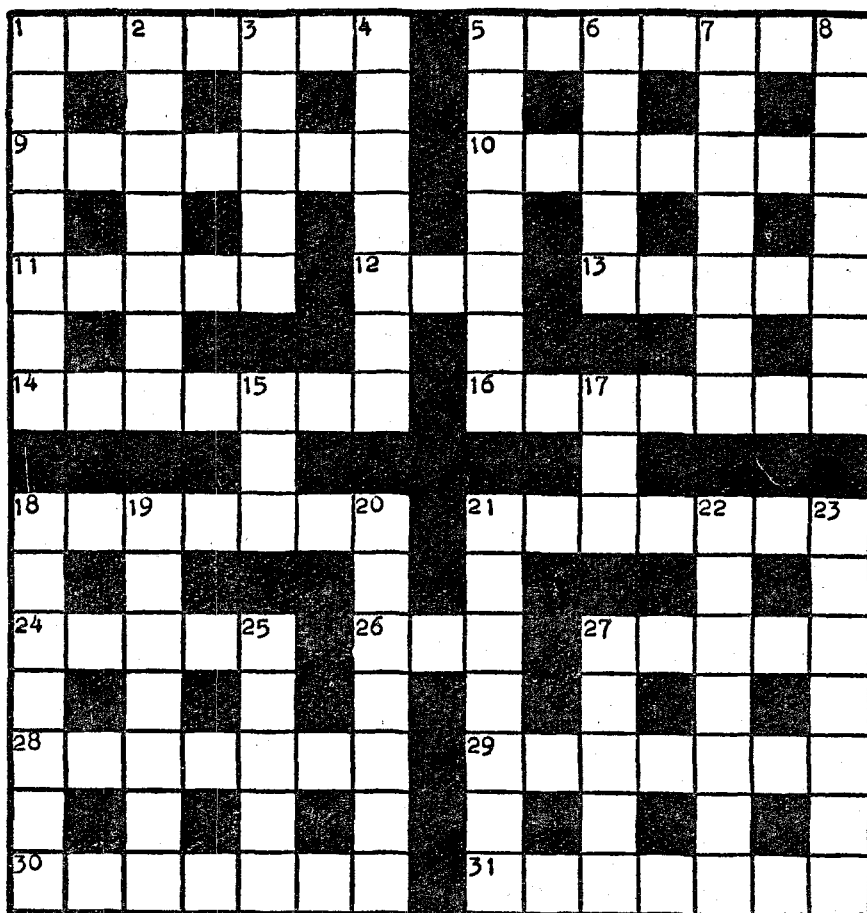
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Cross-Word Puzzle No. 5

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

- 1 This race official always gets left at the post
- 5 This is the dog to beat the favorite!
- 9 Gasoline, in France
- 10 Man o' war?
- 11 Three cheers! and just one more
- 12 Starter of the first race
- 13 Just right
- 14 Clothing with a purpose in it
- 16 Common ones rebel if you treat them kindly, the philosopher tells us
- 18 Her cubs make beautiful children
- 21 Everybody's pain-reliever
- 24 This fish did if kept too long
- 26 She introduced St. George to the dragon (Faerie Queen)
- 27 How trade may be estimated
- 28 "That no ----- priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions" (King John)
- 29 New in America, old in France
- 30 Bit gently, but get the point first!
- 31 After fifty all learners become this

DOWN

- 1 When re-spelt is zinc
- 2 Hardly a point of peaceful penetration among Zulus
- 3 He must have an ear for music
- 4 Return to office (hyphen, 2 and 5)
- 5 Occidental
- 6 You may get let in for this

- 7 May hold a boat or a brush
- 8 In the soup? No, the soup's in them!
- 15 A foreign coin gives you a cue
- 17 A hint worth waiting for
- 18 Though in the chair is often sat upon unmercifully
- 19 Poor man's one possession (hyphen, 3 and 4)
- 20 Drove away with the foot
- 21 Fashionable beef
- 22 Might be caterer or terrace, but a third arrangement is demanded
- 23 Exposure is the last thing they fear
- 25 This fabric sounds positive
- 27 Will help to keep you straight

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 4

ACROSS:— 1 PEASANT; 5 LAUNDER; 9 LETHE; 10 ASP; 11 URBAN; 12 INROAD; 15 BESTOW; 16 SETTLER; 17 NOTE; 19 HAIL; 21 DISDAIN; 22 PANT; 23 ERIE; 25 REMODEL; 27 IMPAIR; 29 SEALER; 33 TOPEE; 34 AGE; 35 INNER; 36 RELATED; 37 TANTRUM.

DOWN:— 1 PILLION; 2 ASTER; 3 ARENAS; 4 TRAY; 5 LIPS; 6 USURER; 7 DEBIT; 8 RENEWAL; 13 DELIVER; 14 STUDIOS; 15 BESIDES; 18 TAN; 20 AIR; 22 PAINTER; 24 EARDRUM; 25 RIPLEST; 26 LEGION; 28 PAPAL; 30 LINER; 31 LAID; 32 BELT.